

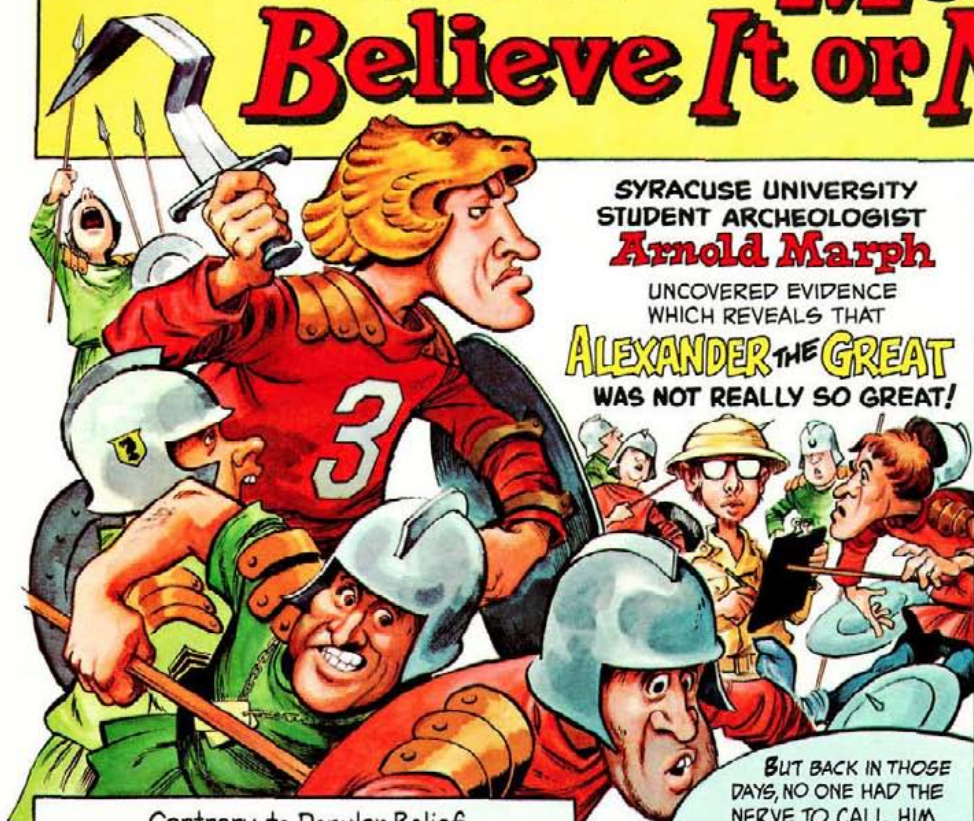
No.
161
Sept.
'73
33230

MAD

OUR PRICE
40^c
CHEAP



MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!



SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY
STUDENT ARCHEOLOGIST
Arnold Marph

UNCOVERED EVIDENCE
WHICH REVEALS THAT
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
WAS NOT REALLY SO GREAT!

A RECENT OUTSTANDING MEDICAL
DISCOVERY EXPLAINS EXACTLY WHY
AMERICAN WOMEN
DO NOT SUFFER FROM
ULCERS!



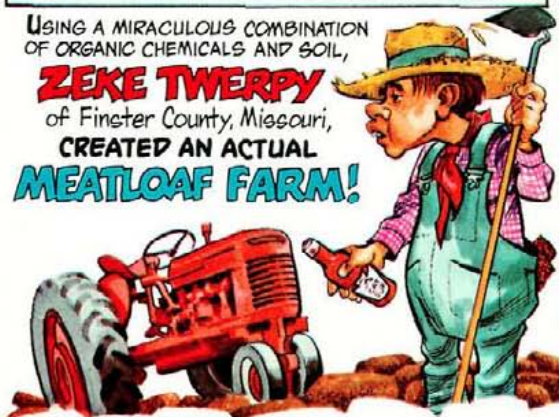
Contrary to Popular Belief
TRANQUILIZERS
DO NOT RELAX YOU!



THEY MERELY HELP YOU **DIG** BEING TENSE!

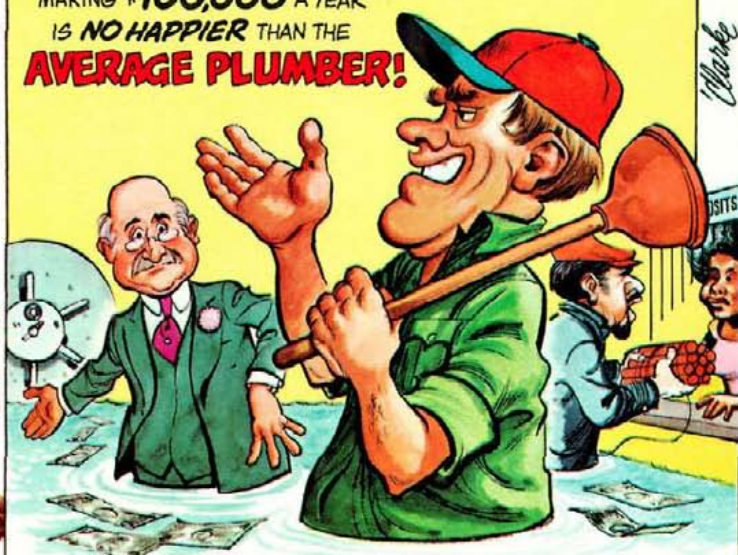
USING A MIRACULOUS COMBINATION
OF ORGANIC CHEMICALS AND SOIL,

ZEKE TWERP
of Finster County, Missouri,
CREATED AN ACTUAL
MEATLOAF FARM!



HE BECAME A MILLIONAIRE **2 MONTHS LATER** WHEN
THE **U.S. GOVERNMENT** PAID HIM **NOT** TO GROW MEATLOAF.

IN OUR MODERN SOCIETY
A BANK PRESIDENT
MAKING \$100,000 A YEAR
IS **NO HAPPIER** THAN THE
AVERAGE PLUMBER!



THAT'S BECAUSE THE **AVERAGE PLUMBER** MAKES \$150,000 A YEAR!

MAD

"You know the Honeymoon is over when your dog brings your slippers, and your wife barks at you!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN editor

JOHN PUTNAM art director LEONARD BRENNER production

JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN associate editors

JACK ALBERT lawsuits

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,

CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER subscriptions

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT

The Lighter Side Of Fun In The Sun 30

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT

One Morning In Marrakesh 21

One Afternoon In Switzerland 35

One Evening In Spain 48

ECCHNIC HUMOR DEPARTMENT

"Idjit Loves Ernie" (A MAD TV Satire) 43

FORTUNE KOOKIE DEPARTMENT

The Old Ball Game 42

LETTER OPENERS DEPARTMENT

What's In A Name? (Part I—People) 40

LETTERS DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

LORD OF THE BUNGE DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look At Tarzan 26

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT

"Drawn-Out Dramas" by Aragones **

MONEY SQUAWKS DEPARTMENT

An Offer They Could Refuse! 20

PHOTO-FINISHES DEPARTMENT

More MAD Photoons 12

PROPS AND ROBBERS DEPARTMENT

Crime Foilers For The Average Citizen 14

REFRAIN IN THE NECK DEPARTMENT

Protest Songs For Life's Everyday Complaints 36

TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPARTMENT

"The Poopsidedown Adventure" (A MAD Movie Satire) 4

TWICE UPON A TIME DEPARTMENT

Fairy Tales—Continued 22

**Various Places Around The Magazine

THE POOPSIDEDOWN ADVENTURE (MOVIE SATIRE) Pg. 4



CRIME FOILERS FOR CITIZENS Pg. 14

SOME FAIRY TALES— CONTINUED Pg. 22



A MAD LOOK AT TARZAN Pg. 26

PROTEST SONGS FOR EVERYDAY COMPLAINTS Pg. 36



IDJIT LOVES ERNIE (TV SATIRE) Pg. 43

A black and white cartoon illustration of a deer with a human-like face, wearing a jacket and pants, walking through a forest. A sign on a tree reads "OPEN DEER SEASON". The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with expressive lines. The deer is looking back over its shoulder. The forest background is represented by stylized trees and foliage. The overall tone is humorous and satirical.

SUBSCRIBE TO
MAD

use coupon or duplicate

I enclose \$7.00*. Enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 19 issues of MAD Magazine.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP.....

* In Canada, \$7.00 in U.S. Funds, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a USA bank. Outside the USA and Canada, \$6.75, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a USA Bank. Allow **10 weeks** for subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails, so **CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!**

Yep, there's been a big reduction in the response to these ads selling full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or lining parakeet cage-bottoms. Last year we sold 27! This year, only 4! Help us reverse this trend! Order yours! Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, \$1.00 for 9, \$2.00 for 27 or \$4.00 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADISON AVENUE, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



After reading Al Jaffee's "Planned Obsolescence In Everyday Products", I began to examine my toilet paper, pencils, tea-bags and everything else in the article.

"Planned Obsolescence . . ." was a real *ripoff* and probably truer than we even suspect!

David Kosisky
Laurel, Md.

I've had experience with Mr. Jaffee's "Fade Soap" which reduces to slivers that can't even be handled by a dexterous piano player!

Barbara Stephens
Santa Monica, Calif.

That goes for crossword puzzle mags, too! They usually contain only easy puzzles to enable the solver to be done sooner and to run right out and buy a copy of another batch. I know because all my challenging puzzles bounce right back while the puzzle editors grab off the easy ones!

Aycem Smith
Batavia, N.Y.

Don't give Industry any more bright ideas than they already have, Al Jaffee!

Ian Patterson
Windsor, Ont.,
Canada

I hope Mr. Jaffee will forever expose human greed responsible for the deliberate weaknesses calculated to make products fall apart.

Eugene Bannon
Jersey City, N.J.

"Planned Obsolescence in Everyday Products"... is doing the Fold-In at the back of MAD Magazine and completely ruining the poster on the opposite side.

Ken Gitter
Carteret, N.J.

I thought your hypochondriac satire was so real, I gave it to the hypochondriac I married to see if he recognized himself. He laughed at how ridiculous it was, then he claimed that the ink from the magazine had soaked into his pores and he was sure to have blood poisoning by morning. HELP!

Darlene McCormack
Wrangell, Alaska

I had been waiting for you to perform a malenky bit of ultra-violence on Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange." It was great! That part where Alech heaved on the drunk and said, "This is better than Karate!", really broke me up. Wanna buy a slightly used Stomach Distress Bag . . . cheap?

Carlene Gardner
West Palm Beach,
Florida

"A Clockwork Orange" is a very important picture in this age of ultraviolence and sickness. You failed to note its importance, which is why your satire made little or no sense. I just can't understand why you can hit some ideas right on the nose, and miss so widely on others.

Mitchell Hill
Spokane, Wash.

"Crockwork . . ." was sickening, horrible, grotesque, emetic . . . and hilarious. Congrats!

Mark Ray
Ballwin, Mo.

I was so moved by Stan and George, I turned the page and . . . ULLP!!

Richard Briggs
Tustin, Calif.

How can you have an effective anti-violence movie without having quite a bit of violence in the film itself? But then, I asked myself how you MAD-men can make a satire out of *another* satire. You did!

Irma Zwan
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada

"A Crockwork Lemon" was a sickening experience.

Barbara Bassett
Sacramento, Calif.

Please send me twenty-five "Barf Bags." Just finished reading Stan Hart's and George Woodbridge's "A Crockwork Lemon."

Mark Phinick
Cleveland, Ohio

That fourth man from the left in the last panel of "A Crockwork Lemon" wouldn't happen to be Stanley Kubrick, now would it? It's mind-boggling that sly MAD had one last barb to stick into Stanley's hide.

Kevin Miller
Rogers, Ark.

Now that "A Clockwork Orange" has been reduced to an "R" rating, I was able to see it. What I saw was not the work of art I was told about, but an over-violent bunch of garbage. My sincere thanks to Stan Hart and George Woodbridge for showing what a lemon the orange is.

Alan Pforsich
Indianapolis, Ind.

OWEN MARSHMALLOW

"Owen Marshmallow" is fantastic! Giving a mediocre TV show relevance with the Indian problem at Wounded Knee is a stroke of genius. It proves once again that Lou Silverstone is not only MAD's funniest writer, but also MAD's only thinking writer.

Colleen MacDonald
Antigonish, N.S.,
Canada

As a first year law student, I really enjoyed your "Owen Marshmallow, Attorney-At-Law." Owen's strategy was something else and I plan on saving the article for future reference.

Pallie Nolan
Notre Dame, Ind.

HOW COME ON TV ... ?

Regarding your "How Come On TV ... ?" I'll bet when the TV cooking expert cooks her French gourmet meal in seemingly immaculate kitchen fashion, the real mess she makes is completely out of camera range.

Melicia Phillips
New York, N.Y.

MAD'S GLOBAL IMPRESSIONS

I think "MAD's Global Impressions" did a world of good.

Scott Rundlett
Hudson, Mass.

MAD "BUGS" THE INSECT WORLD

"MAD 'Bugs' The Insect World" is the most ridiculous thing I've ever read since I was knee high to a grasshopper!

Peter Emslie
Ottawa, Ont.,
Canada

THE TREASURE MAP

Antonio Prohias's "The Treasure Map" was a fortune in laughs!

Rich Morgana
Flushing, N.Y.

MARTIN'S "TRANSCONTINENTAL JET"

A note of appreciation for that peerless cartoonist, Don Martin. The expressions, the outrageous sounds, the masterful plots! And that "One Day On A Transcontinental Jet"!

Meredith Coddington
North Platte, Neb.

*Some girls like men with clear, blue eyes;
By that they are impressed.*

Some girls prefer a tall, dark man ...

Some like a hairy chest.

*Some like a man who moves with ease in
ANY social set,*

But I like a man who can draw

"One Day On A Transcontinental Jet"!

Florence Dawson
Miami, Fla.

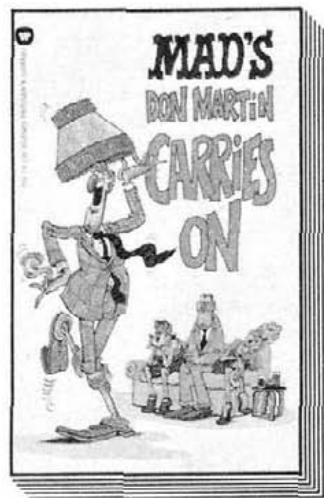
Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 161, 485 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE! DOUBLE YOUR FUN! CHEW ON THESE, BY GUM!

(AND WE'LL MAKE A DOUBLE-MINT OF MONEY!)



SINK YOUR
TEETH INTO
TWO NEW
ALL-ORIGINAL
NEVER-BEFORE-
PUBLISHED
MAD
"SCHTICKS"!
THE HUMOR
MAY BE
TASTELESS,
BUT THE
FLAVOR
LASTS!



GUARANTEED NOT TO ROT YOUR TEETH—JUST YOUR MIND!

(On Sale At Your Favorite Book Stand ... Or Yours By Mail!)

use coupon or duplicate



MAD

485 MADison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ MAD'S CRADLE-TO-GRAVE PRIMER ☐ DON MARTIN CARRIES ON

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THE BOOKS CHECKED BELOW:

- ☐ The Bedside MAD
- ☐ Son of MAD
- ☐ The Organization MAD
- ☐ I Like MAD
- ☐ The Ides of MAD
- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The MAD Frontier
- ☐ MAD in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Three Ring MAD
- ☐ Self-Made MAD
- ☐ The MAD Sampler
- ☐ World, World, etc. MAD
- ☐ Raving MAD
- ☐ Boiling MAD
- ☐ Questionable MAD
- ☐ Howling MAD

- ☐ The Indigestible MAD
- ☐ Burning MAD
- ☐ Good 'n' MAD
- ☐ Hopping MAD
- ☐ The Portable MAD
- ☐ MAD Power
- ☐ The Dirty Old MAD
- ☐ Polyunsaturated MAD
- ☐ The Recycled MAD
- ☐ The Non-Violent MAD
- ☐ The Rip Off MAD
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DON MARTIN Cooks
- ☐ DON MARTIN Comes On Strong
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the USA
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People

- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things
- ☐ DAVE BERG Modern Thinking
- ☐ DAVE BERG Our Sick World
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File
- ☐ 3rd MAD Dossier of SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ A Mad Look at Old Movies
- ☐ Return of MAD Old Movies
- ☐ MAD-VERTISING
- ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
- ☐ The MAD Book of Magic
- ☐ More AL JAFFEE Snappy Answers
- ☐ Aragon's "Viva MAD"!
- ☐ Aragon's MAD about MAD
- ☐ Aragon's MAD-ly Yours
- ☐ MAD for Better or Verse
- ☐ Sing Along With MAD
- ☐ MAD About Sports
- ☐ MAD Word Power

We cannot be responsible for cash
lost or stolen in the Mails. Check
or Money Order preferred!

I ENCLOSE 75c FOR EACH
(Minimum Order: 3 Books!)

On orders outside the U.S.A. be
sure to add 10% extra. Allow at
least six weeks for delivery.

TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPT.

A while back, the folks in Hollywood made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a jet airliner. The movie was called "Airport." It was a huge success and it made millions! Recently, the folks in Hollywood said, "Now let's make a movie that's

THE POOPSIDED

Now, listen to me, Mr. Linassis! This ship is in danger! We could breach if we took a big wave on our beam! And we could founder if we shipped water over our starboard and port gunwales!

What do you suggest?

That we slow down and put some heavy stuff in the bottom!

You mean ballast in the keel?

Yeah, that!

I figured there'd be a nautical term for it!

No way, Captain! Keep going at full speed ahead! Every day that we delay our cargo costs my company a fortune!

Er—what exactly IS our cargo?

Air Mail Letters! So . . . get flying!

I'm warning you, Mr. Linassis! I've been Captain of three other ships before this, and we could be headed for big trouble!

I'll take my chances!

My three other ships were the "Lusitania," the "Titanic" and the "Andrea Doria"!

Uh—well—I'll STILL take my chances . . . but I like my chances a whole lot LESS now!



completely new and different!" So they made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a luxury *oceanliner*! Here, then, is MAD's version of this completely new and different movie . . . this sort of "Underwater Airport" . . . which we have titled . . .

OWN ADVENTURE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I **CAN'T** have dinner at the Captain's Table! Suppose I run into some **MAN** I knew! Listen . . . when I told you I was in the "**Body Business**," it didn't mean I used to fix dented cars!!

I **KNOW** what it meant! But you're different now! You have **self-respect**! You have **class**! You're no longer a common woman!

You know, you're **RIGHT**! I **WILL** have dinner at the Captain's table! And one **OTHER** thing! You made me think so much more of myself . . . I'm afraid I'm going to have to start charging you **DOUBLE**!!

Good morning. Mr. and Mrs. Roseman!

You know, he's **lonely**! That's why he runs . . . so he won't notice!

He's lonely, all right! But that's not why he runs! There's a girl in a **Bikini** running up ahead of him! He's just trying to catch up!



Sure! Just ask God for anything . . . and He'll give it to you! **NUTS!!** I used to pray my knees off, and I got nothing in return . . . except a little shorter! I came from a **Godforsaken**, poor neighborhood! We had to burn furniture!

For heat?
No, for laughs! We were poor, but we had a sense of humor!

But what do you know about real suffering! My church was so cold, we didn't have **Holy Water** . . . we had **Holy ICE**! But I didn't take my hardships lying down! I fought back! I screamed and yelled from my pulpit! And I got results!!

Like what?
Like being thrown out of my parish!

No, Reverend! God's not looking for people who are down on their knees, praying! He's looking for people who are **UP**—on their feet, fighting . . . climbing . . . doing . . . living . . . grabbing all the happiness they can!

Your talk borders on the sacrilegious, Reverend Shout! Exactly what church do you belong to?

Our Lady Of Perpetual Motion!



Listen to this, Snoozin'...! The **Poopsidedown** is one of the most seaworthy ships ever built... except for one little incident!

WHAT incident?

At its launching ceremony, when they hit it with the champagne bottle, it turned upside-down! And listen to this! Its Generators make enough electricity to light all the homes in Furd, N.J.!

But there are only thirty-seven homes in Furd, N.J.!

I know! That's another thing wrong with this ship! Its Generators are too small!

My goodness... a yellow, a red, a blue, a green and an orange! You sure take a lot of vitamins, Mr. Martyr!

What vitamins? These are M & M's!

Are you married, Mr. Martyr?

No! With my work, I just don't have time! I hold two jobs, and it's a long day! I'm a Milkman, and a Night Watchman! Sometimes, I don't get home until 4 the following week!



How about you, Purser? Are you married?

No, I have a Mistress!

He means the sea is his Mistress!

No, I don't! I mean your wife is my Mistress!

Limber, I just can't take you ANYWHERE!!

You said, "No more walking the streets!" You never said a word about walking the DECKS!

How does it feel to be the Captain of a ship, Mr. Captain?

It's not like what it used to be! Lately, I can't seem to keep my head above water! I keep getting this—sinking feeling! You know... like you're going under! But I really shouldn't complain! I guess we're all in the same boat!

Boy... am I sorry that I asked!!

Tell us, Captain! Who is this ship named after?

Poopsidedown, the Greek God of the Sea! That's his statue there!



Do you think it means anything that **Poopsidedown** just fell on the floor?

Er—just to be sure, I'll go to the—er—little room at the front of the boat!

You mean "The Bridge"?

Yeah! There!

Hello? Weather Station Athens? This is the Captain of **The Poopsidedown**! Can you give me the latest weather report for this area?

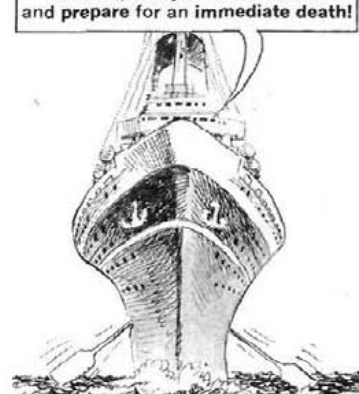
Yes, sir! At this moment, the sea is absolutely calm... except for one wave!

Oh, that's good!

One 90-foot wave!!

Oh, that's bad!

Engine Captain! This is the Room speaking! We have a slight need—but there's no emergency for alarm! Just hatten down the batches, close all watertight doors, secure all lifelines, ready all lifeboats... and prepare for an immediate death!





Captain! Look!
Over there! A
wall of water
90 FEET HIGH!

Oh, my God!
Talk about
SURF'S
UP!!!



Ladies and Gentlemen,
it's five seconds to
Midnight ... four ...
three ... two ... one
... **HAPPY NEW YEAR!!**



Wow! I've heard of wild New Year's Eve Parties ... but this
tops them all!! Or should I say, "This **BOTTOMS** them all!!"



Listen to me
everybody! We've
turned over! If
we want to be
saved, we've
got to go up
to the bottom!!

Up to the bottom?!

Yes! **UP** to the
BOTTOM! Because
all the people
who are down on
top are **DEAD!!**

Wait! Don't
do as he
says! Stay
right here
in the
middle!

Reverend, the
Engineer told
me the hull
is **THINNEST**
before the
propellers!

And it's
ALSO
darkest
before the
storm! Now
will you
bug off!!



No ... Rotten is
right! We've got
to work our way
up to the
propeller room!

Yeah? And
what will
we get
there?

The shaft?!

That's
what I
figured!



Come with
us! God
is only
going to
help us if
we help
ourselves!

No, Reverend Shout!
You go! You take the
strong who believe
in your new religion!
I believe in the **OLD**
religious ways!

What will
you do??

Stay here
and take
up a
collection!



Reverend
Shout!
Can you
help
me? I
think
I hurt
my leg!

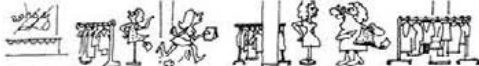
Can you tell
for sure?

No, sir! Not
until I find
it! Anybody
see a leg
down there?

Stay there, Apers! We're coming
up! Now, we'll need something to
climb up! I know! We'll use that
fallen Christmas Tree! It's going
to be hard climbing it, with its
sharp metal ornaments, shorted
lights and rickety frame! But it's
a sacrifice God wants us to make!

Why not just use
that **big ladder**
leaning against
the wall?

What are
you—an
Atheist?



O.K., Mrs. Rough!
You climb up first!
But you'll have
to take off that
long gown . . .

Sh—she ain't takin'
ANYTHING off! —I
don't want all the
men in this room to
see her **UNDRESSED!!**

**YOU
SHOULD'VE
THOUGHT OF
THAT SIX
YEARS AGO!**



Martyr! You bring
up the rear and
help all the
Feature Players!

But what
about the
Extras?!!?

The Extras can drown!
With 12 Stars and these
wild sets, the picture
is over budget already!!

Okay! Now, do we have everybody?

I think so! We got me, the tough
Cop, for conflict! We got the
kids who are "too young to die"
for sympathy! We got the old Jew-
ish couple for pathos! We got the
lonely bachelor and the lonely
girl for the romantic interest . . .

. . . and we've
got your wife,
Limber, to
show that a
person can
rise above
their past
sins . . .

. . . and we
also got her
because the
broad's got
a great body
for "climbing
the ladder"
close-ups!

Yes! And
that, too!
Now, let's
see! Apers,
can you
tell us
what's
behind
that door?



I think
it's the
**Crew's
Quarters!**

I think
it's the
air
shaft!

Your
guess
is as
good
as
mine,
Sir!

What's this
with the
doors . . . ??
**"LET'S
MAKE A
DEAL"?!?**
Can we get
going . . . ??

And
behind
this door?

And
behind
this door?



The air shaft leads
to "**Broadway**," Sir!
And **Broadway** runs
the entire length
of the ship to the
Engine Room! The
Engineer told me!

Apers! do
you know how
to get to
Broadway?

Yes, sir . . .
PRACTICE!!

Are you
going to
believe
a stupid
little
brat?!!?

Why not?! He's one of
God's creatures . . . in
there—doing, climbing,
helping, fighting . . .
not begging for mercy!
Besides, the stupid lit-
tle brat may be right!



Okay,
everybody!
Into the
air shaft!

I hope I can make it,
Reverend Shout! You
see, I've got a big—

—MOUTH!!
But I'm
sure you
can do it!



Doctor . . .
where are
you going?

But that's
wrong!
you have
to go
forward
to the
back!

Oh, no!
It's up
to the
bottom,
and then
back to
the front!

No! It's
up to the
bottom,
and then
forward
to the
back!

You
won't
change
my
mind,
Reverend
Shout!

Then may
God shower
his mercy
down upon
you . . .
or is
it UP
upon you?!!

Reverend
Shout,
is it
possible
they're
going the
right way,
and we're
going the
wrong way?

It's possible! If you want to follow
an Extra leading a bunch of Walk-ons
who don't even have speaking parts—
go ahead! The rest, stay here and
look for supplies! I'm going ahead
to try and find the route to the
Engine Room! While I'm gone, each
of you will have your very own big
scene to do so the movie audience
will get to know you so much better!



Hammy,
we're
never
going to
see our
children
again,
are
we?

Don't talk so
glum! And if
you HAVE to
talk so glum,
could you
knock off
that "WE"
STUFF?!!

You know,
Hammy, I
never said
this to
you before,
but you're
a "good
man"!

For 48 years, I bring home
the salary—nothing! I buy
you everything—nothing! I
know you're never free with
the compliments! So how
come, on an upside-down,
sinking ship, you finally
admit you appreciate me?

I don't
know! I
guess
maybe
I'm
turning
over a
new
leaf!



Hey, look! You
come in here,
strap yourself
into one of
those chairs,
and say to the
Barber, "Just a
little off the
bottom, please!"

You're a lonely
guy . . . and I'm
a lonely girl!
Do you know
what that can
mean if we
live through
all this?

Yeah! We
can go to
"Singles
Bars"
together
and maybe
meet
somebody
nice!



I gotta go to the bathroom real bad, but
this is going to be a lot tougher than I
thought! And I'm also getting seasick!
I—I think I'm going to throw . . . DOWN!



I think
that the
Preacher
got lost!
Let's go
follow
the other
group!

After all
he's done
for us, I
say we
can wait
a little
longer!

And maybe
DIE?!!

That's
plenty
long
enough!
Let's go!



I found the Engine Room!
All we have to do is go
down that passageway, up
a ladder, through a room
filled with flames, then
swim 40 feet under water
through bilge garbage
. . . and we're there!!

Oh, good!
Just so
long as I
don't have
to climb
up another
Christmas
Tree!





Come on!
Let's go!
Follow me...

Wait!
Where's Rotten?
Rotten!!
ROTTEN!!

Here I am!
I had to go to the bathroom!

Going to the bathroom was all right... but did you HAVE TO FLUSH IT?!



I'll tie this rope around me and swim to the Engine Room! When you feel a jerk at the other end, follow...

As soon as you put that rope around your waist, there will BE a jerk at the other end! ... YOU!!

Please! Don't start fighting! You two are going to put a damper on the whole evening! Please, let's not spoil a good time...!

Reverend, let me go first! I can swim under water better than anybody here! I can hold my breath for TWO MINUTES!

If she holds her breath for two minutes, it means she'll have to stop talking for two minutes! IMPOSSIBLE!!



Don't listen to him, Reverend! Let me do it! I'm a Champion Underwater Swimmer! Look! I even got a medal for it! See? I won it—

Oh-oh! He's gone! I guess he jumped in because he feels he knows the way best!

No, he jumped in so he could get a rest from your shrill voice for a while!



Th-the rope's gone slack! Something's happened! He must be stuck somewhere!

I'll save him!!

Stand back! There's gonna be another tidal wave when she hits the water!!

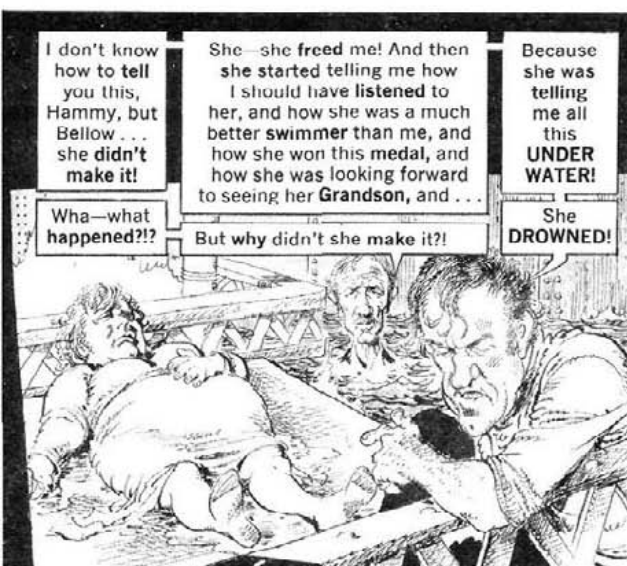


It's okay! She's freed him! Now—one at a time!

I can't DO it! I CAN'T! L—Let's stay here! I—I could NEVER go under water!

But Ninny! If we stay here, we'll drown!

Well, it's better than going under water, isn't it?!



I don't know how to tell you this, Hammy, but Bellow... she didn't make it!

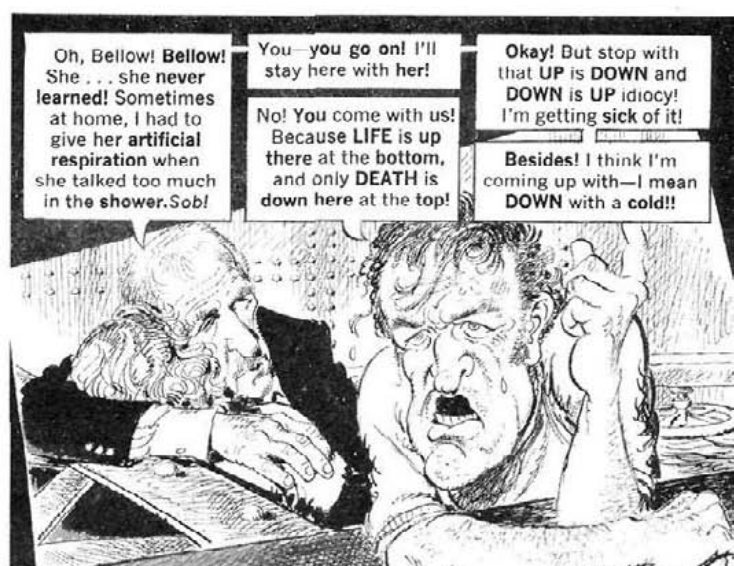
Wha—what happened?!

She—she freed me! And then she started telling me how I should have listened to her, and how she was a much better swimmer than me, and how she won this medal, and how she was looking forward to seeing her Grandson, and...

But why didn't she make it?!

Because she was telling me all this UNDER WATER!

She DROWNED!



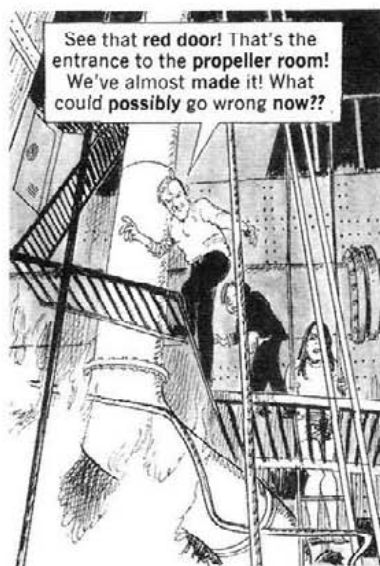
Oh, Bellow! Bellow! She... she never learned! Sometimes at home, I had to give her artificial respiration when she talked too much in the shower. Sob!

You—you go on! I'll stay here with her!

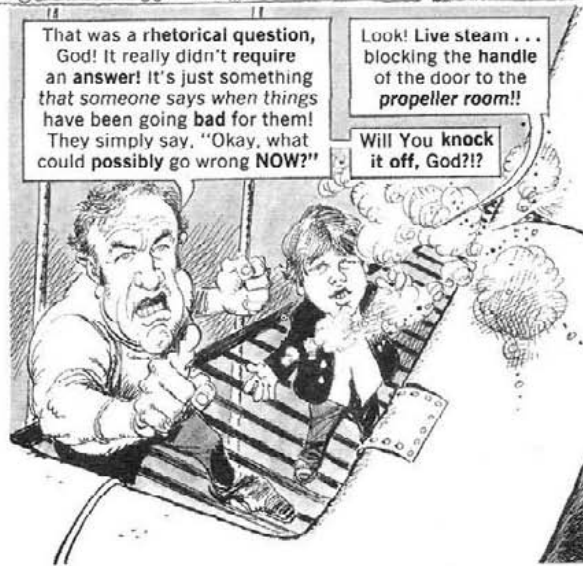
No! You come with us! Because LIFE is up there at the bottom, and only DEATH is down here at the top!

Okay! But stop with that UP is DOWN and DOWN is UP idiocy! I'm getting sick of it!

Besides! I think I'm coming up with—I mean DOWN with a cold!!



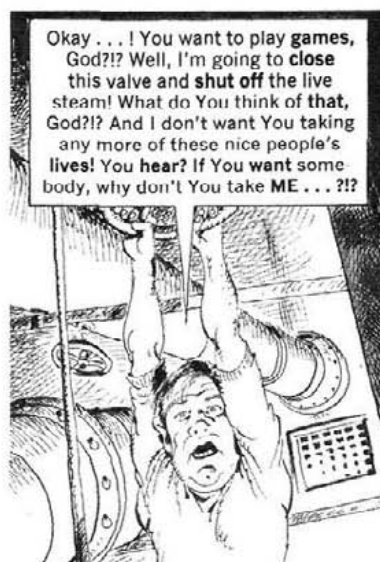
See that red door! That's the entrance to the propeller room! We've almost made it! What could possibly go wrong now??



That was a rhetorical question, God! It really didn't require an answer! It's just something that someone says when things have been going bad for them! They simply say, "Okay, what could possibly go wrong NOW?"

Look! Live steam . . . blocking the handle of the door to the propeller room!!

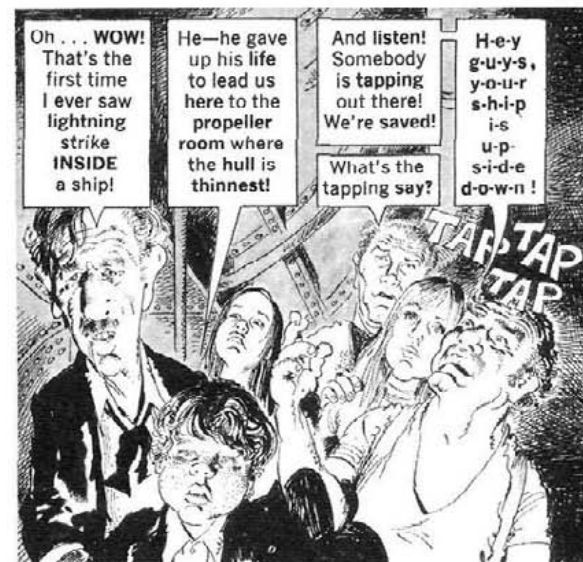
Will You knock it off, God?!!



Okay . . . ! You want to play games, God?!? Well, I'm going to close this valve and shut off the live steam! What do You think of that, God?!? And I don't want You taking any more of these nice people's lives! You hear? If You want somebody, why don't You take ME . . . ?!?



Gee, God! Can't you take a little j o o k k k e ?



Oh . . . WOW! That's the first time I ever saw lightning strike INSIDE a ship!

He—he gave up his life to lead us here to the propeller room where the hull is thinnest!

And listen! Somebody is tapping out there! We're saved! What's the tapping say?

H-e-y g-u-y-s, y-o-u-r s-h-i-p i-s u-p s-i-d-e d-o-w-n !



Gee, kid! I'm sorry I was so hard on you all the time! You did tell us everything the Engineer said, and you really helped save our lives!

Well, I told you everything the Engineer said . . . except for one other small fact!

Yeah? What??

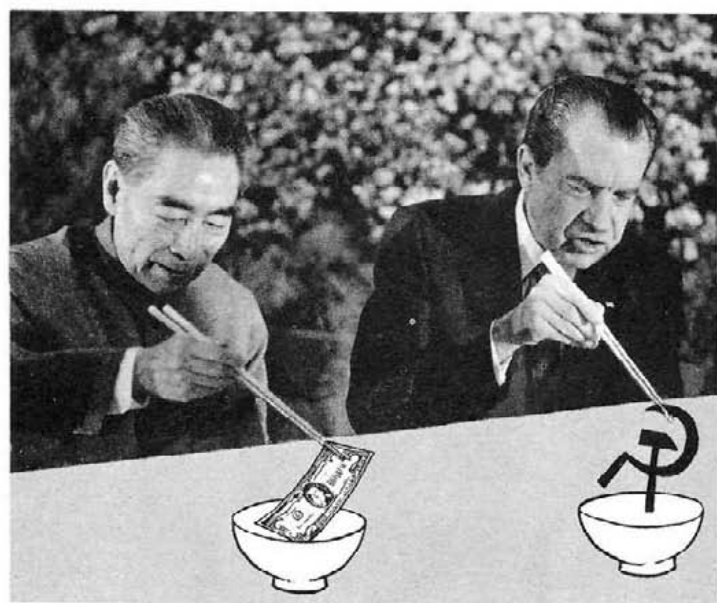
That if this ship ever turned over, all you'd have to do is wait about two hours and it would automatically turn itself back the right way again!



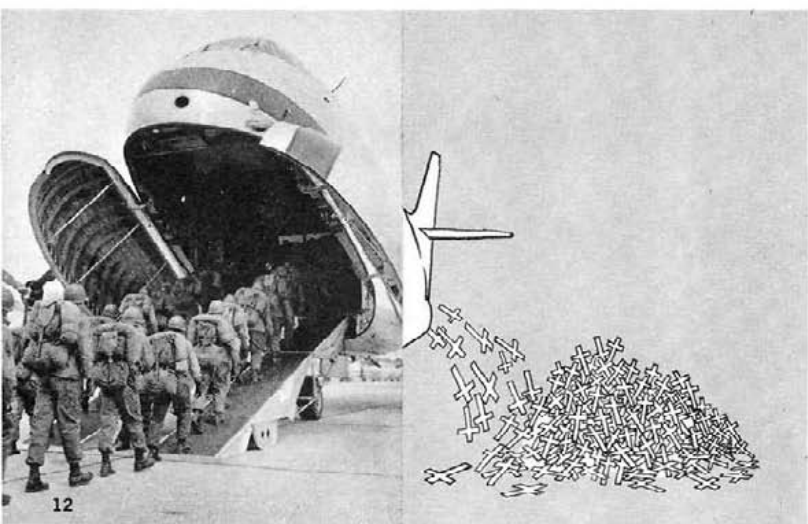
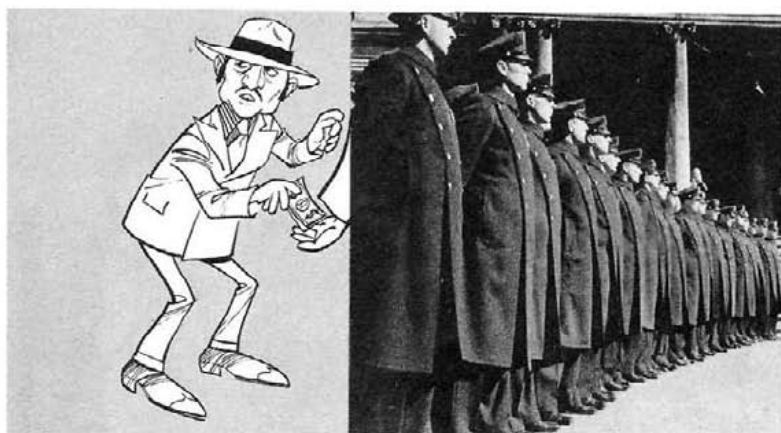
Come back! Come back down here! If I ever get ahold of you, I'll kill you! I swear I'LL KILL YOU!!

MORE

MAD

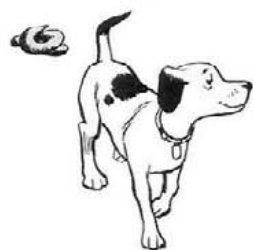


ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

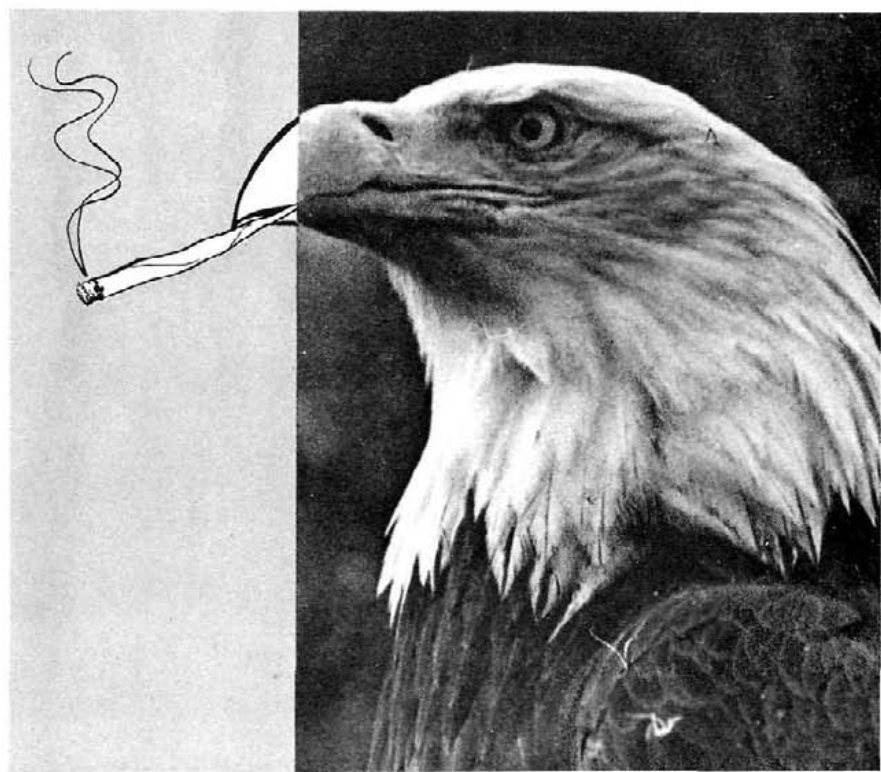
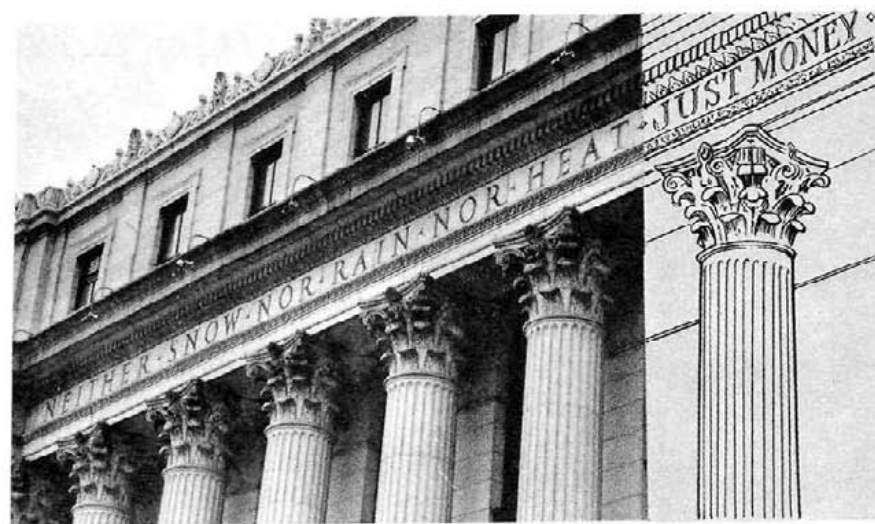




PHOTOONS



Clark

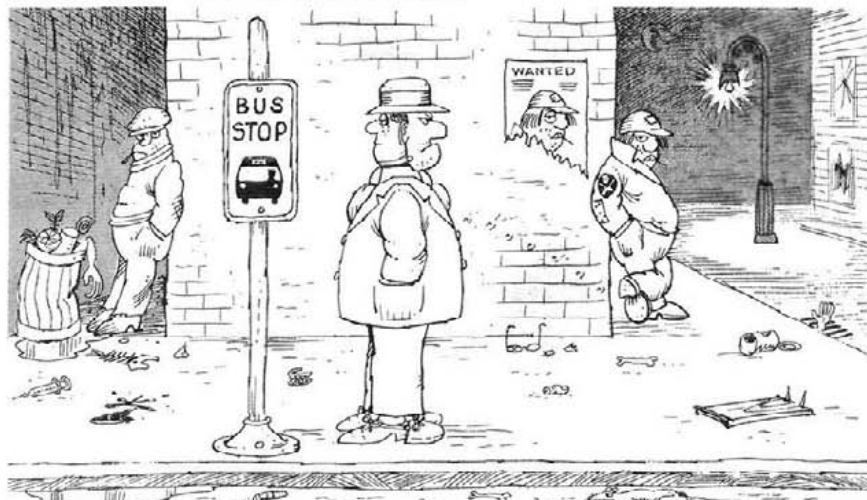


Street crime is rising at an alarming rate. Every day, people are mugged, robbed and beaten. The police would like to help, but Heaven knows they have their hands full with gamblers, illegal parkers and Sunday Blue Law violators. Nor can anyone expect help from his neighbor. Nobody wants to get involved. Alarms, whistles and sundry

CRIME FOILERS FOR T

MUGGINGS, HOLD-UPS, PURSE-SNATCHINGS

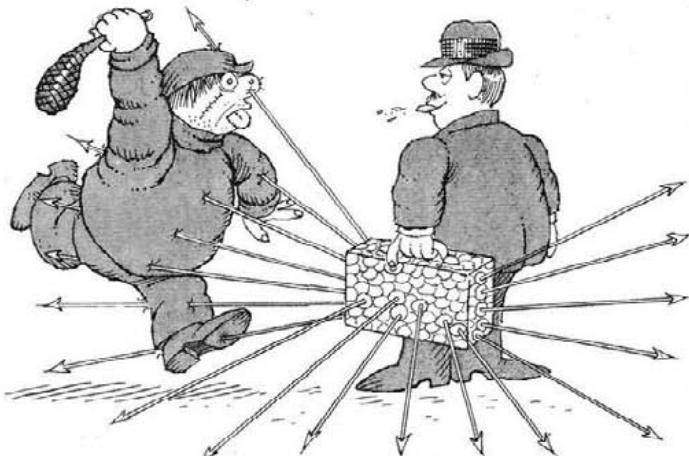
THE PHONY FRONT



Almost all muggers count on the element of surprise. They attack from behind to avoid tangling with anyone who can fight back. This costume prevents all that. It consists

of a two-way suit and shirt. Phony shoe fronts complete the ensemble. No matter which way mugger approaches, he always thinks he's facing you, and you're watching him.

THE SPINY ATTACHE CASE



Pushbutton trigger in handle instantly releases dozens of porcupine-like telescoping barbed steel spines. Warning

"attacker" that spine tips are coated with curare poison guarantees safety... if he hasn't run into them already.

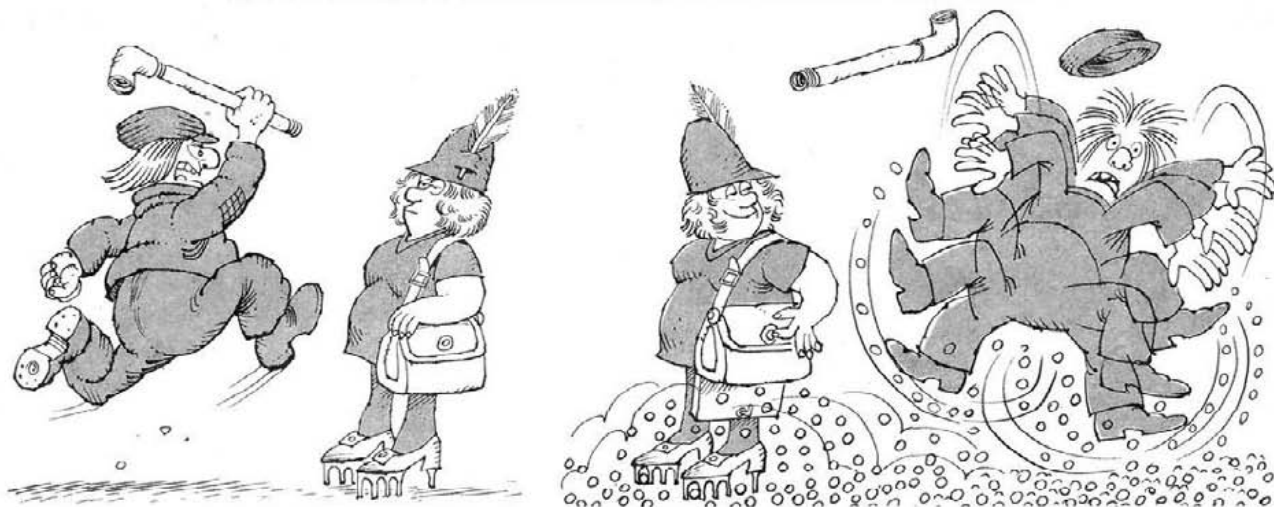
noise-makers are useless. And carrying a weapon is even worse. With surprise on his side, the mugger can quickly disarm the average person and turn the weapon against him. So what we need are devices that even crippled old ladies can rely upon with confidence as they walk the lonely city streets at night. Mainly, we need these MAD



THE AVERAGE CITIZEN AND OTHER STREET ATTACK FOILERS

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

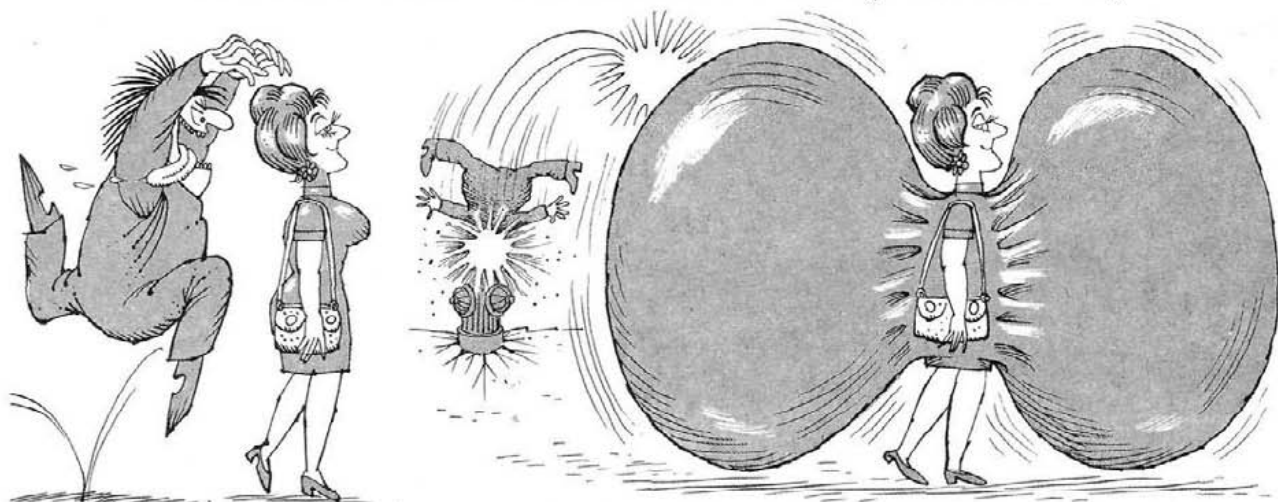
THE BALL-BEARING POCKET BOOK



As "attacker" appears, pocketbook-wearer presses trigger and thousands of tiny lightweight plastic ball-bearings are released. "Attacker" is suddenly rendered helpless as

he struggles to maintain his balance. Meanwhile, "victim" walks safely away over treacherous ball-bearings with the aid of the specially-designed spiked shoes she is wearing.

THE AIR BAG STRETCH SUIT (OR DRESS)



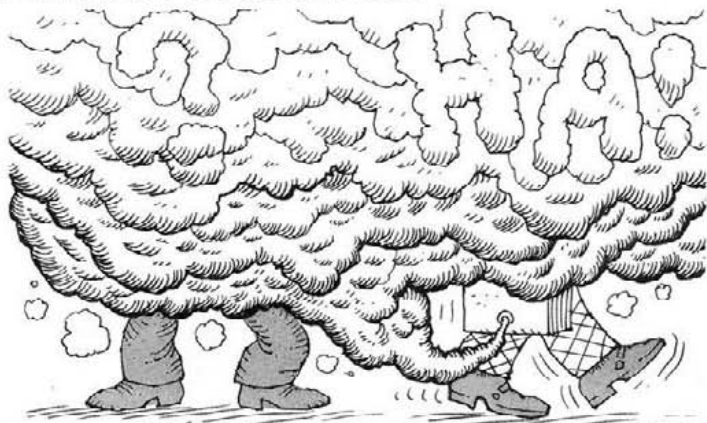
The idea for this protective device came from auto safety experiments. When "victim" is attacked, air bags instantly

inflate and fling mugger violently away. However, caution must be exercised to avoid sudden embraces of loved ones.

THE SMOKESCREEN SUITCASE

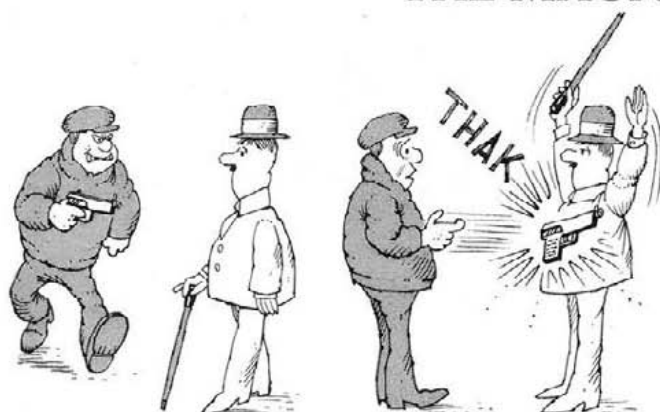


Potential "victim" presses handle and releases huge smoke



cloud. Special eyeglasses permit clear vision through the chemical smoke, and "victim" can take off without fear of bumping into "attacker," or any other unpleasant object.

THE MAGNETIC VEST



This garment looks like any ordinary vest but is actually lined with powerful magnets. Anyone approaching magnetic field with metal weapon (gun, knife, ice pick, etc.) is

immediately rendered weaponless. However, caution must be exercised by wearer in everyday situations, such as when approaching metal object like a car, fence, lamppost, etc.

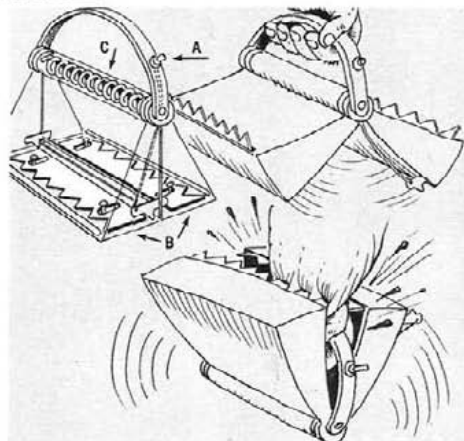
THE GUSHING HANDBAG



Trigger in handbag handle breaks chemical capsules which combine to produce huge puddle of slipperiest goo known

to Man. Special shoes on "victim" are unaffected by goo, and she walks blithely away while "attacker" goes flying.

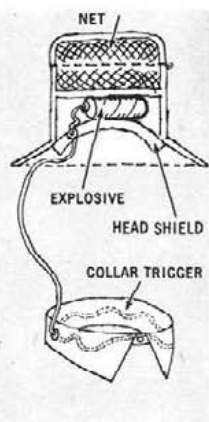
THE VISE-GRIP PURSE



As purse-snatcher grabs purse away, handle-button (A) is released and trigger (B) unlocks two separate bag-halves.

Powerful bear trap spring (C) whips bag halves around at lightning speed and bone-crushing force onto muggers hand.

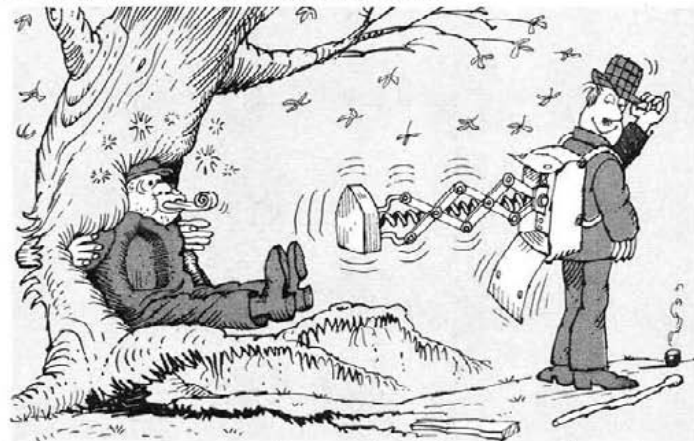
THE EXPLODING HAT NET



Net, woven of extremely fine but strong synthetic fibers, is carefully packed into hat. When "victim" is grabbed at throat, special collar triggers an explosive device which

sends net billowing out over both "victim" and "attacker." Since they are both trapped until help comes, "attacker" will not hurt "victim" and risk more serious punishment.

THE BONE-CRUSHING KNAPSACK



Innocent-looking knapsack contains spring-mounted flatiron which is released by any violence directed at wearer from

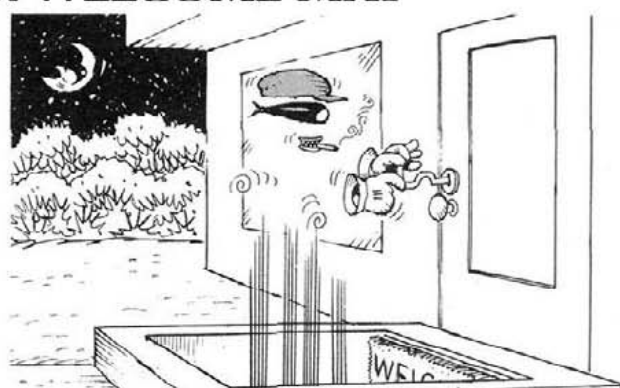
the rear. Delivers a blow equal to being hit by a 5-pound weight dropped from the top of the Empire State Building.

BURGLARIES, BREAK-INS, THEFTS, ROBBERIES

THE TRAP DOOR WELCOME MAT

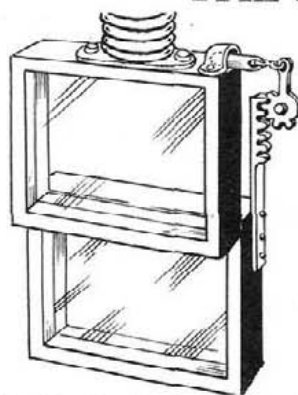


Special lock on door is calibrated to accept special key. Any other device such as a jimmy, screwdriver, hairpin or foreign key sets off mechanism that opens trap door. If



homeowner intends to be away for an extended period, it is advisable to leave some food and water in the trap. Otherwise, disgusting sight will greet him on his return.

THE SPRING LOADED WINDOW

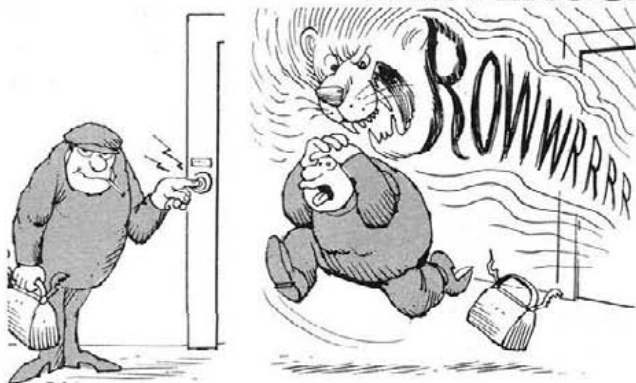


When burglar lifts lower (inner) sash, it hits mechanism (A) which releases spring (B). Upper (outer) sash comes

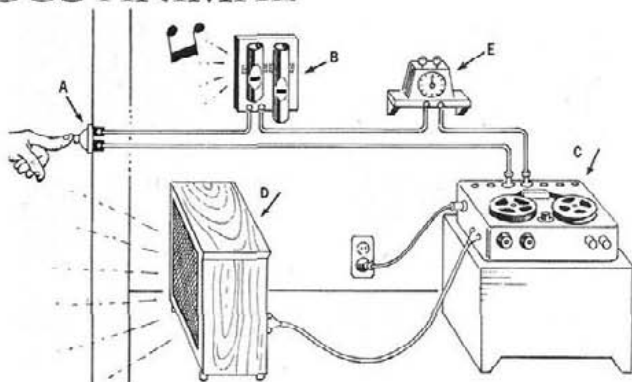


down with thrust equal to two tons of weight, trapping thief in the act. Too bad if he's a moonlighting pianist.

THE FEROCIOUS ANIMAL



Since burglar always rings doorbell first to make sure no one is home, this simple set-up effectively discourages him. When bell-button (A) is pressed, it rings chimes (B) and starts tape (C) which emits thunderous animal roars.



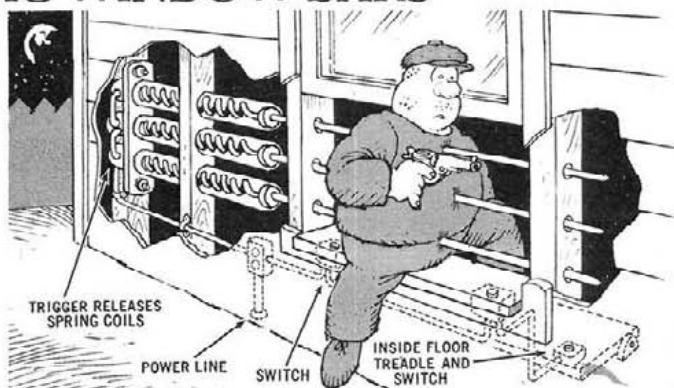
through loudspeaker (D). Timer switch (E) stops the tape after 5 minutes. If another burglar comes, it starts all over again. Set-up can accommodate 6 or 7 burglars, which should just about cover one night's supply in most cities.

RIES AND OTHER HOUSE CRIME FOILERS

THE AUTOMATIC WINDOW BARS

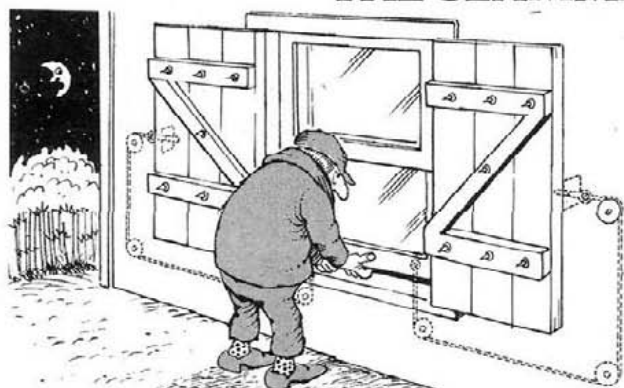


Spears are hidden in window frame. When burglar puts his weight on window sill, switch is activated and spears are released which effectively bar entry to thief. Too bad—

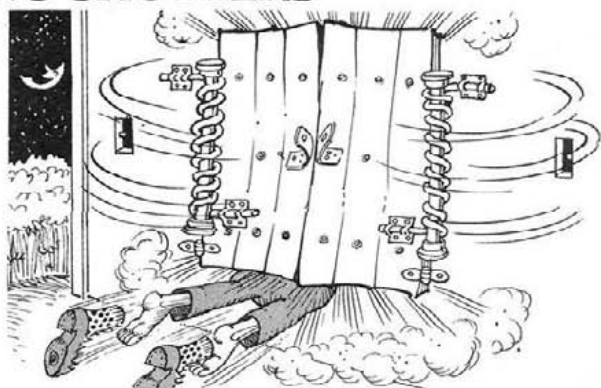


heh-heh—if he's caught in the middle! Note: floor treadle safety feature (A) which cuts current to spring switch so that a person opening window from the inside is protected.

THE SLAMMING SHUTTERS

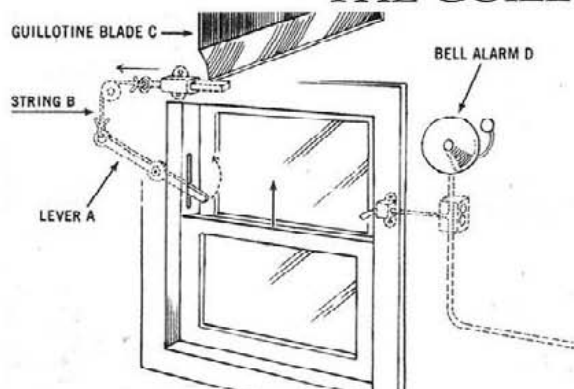


Innocent-looking shutters are hooked up so that lifting window releases spring-hinges and they crash on un-



suspecting intruder. Naturally, window panes are made of shatterproof glass to avoid cuts and bloodshed and—ecch.

THE GUILLOTINE WINDOW



When intruder raises window beyond a certain point, it pushes lever (A). Lever (A), in turn, pulls string (B). String (B) releases razor sharp guillotine blade (C) which is concealed in the wall above the window. When



guillotining blade (C) drops, it presents a steel shield, blocking entry to the thief, and also setting off a bell alarm (D). And if the intruder is slow getting out of the way, it also sets off another alarm... a scream (E).

The President has proposed that we spend billions to rebuild North Vietnam. Controversy rages as to whether we should give all these American Dollars away. But with the Dollar devaluating more and more each day, the question may soon be not whether we should give, but if Hanoi will take our lousy money. In other words, this generous gesture on our part may very well be



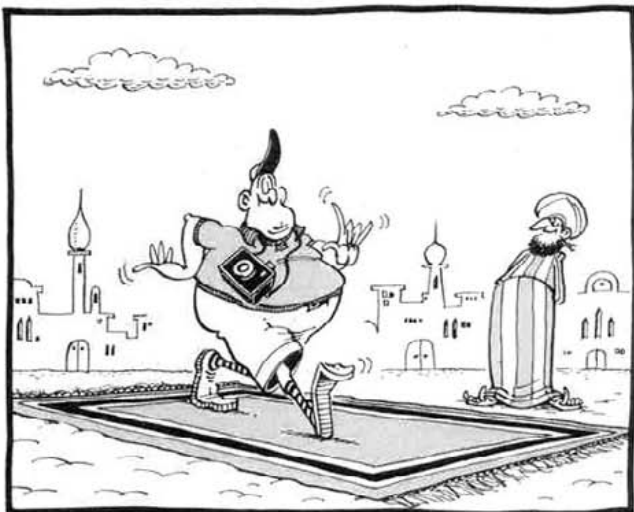
AN OFFER THEY COULD REFUSE!

WRITER: RONNIE NATHAN

Three billion Bucks to help Hanoi?
You'd think Hanoi would jump for joy;
You'd think three billion to rebuild
Would make up for the millions killed;
You'd think three million U.S. Bucks
Would make our postwar trip de luxe;
You'd think what Dick and Henry thought:
That peace with honor could be bought.
They made their offer, cool and calm,
But simply laid another bomb.
To lose face is what Reds most dread;
Now look whose face is turning Red...
As Dr. Strangelove, in surprise,
Reads what Hanoi posthaste replies:
"Since Dollars, Henry, are not sound,
Please send the money by the Pound.
If Pounds are scarce, Pound, why then,
Deliver us the dough in Yen.
If you can't get Yen at your bank,
Oul, oul, Henri, we like the Franc.
Fresh out of Francs? Then, Heinrich, hark:
We like as well the Deutsche Mark.
In Krona you can forward aid,
It's just with Dollars we won't trade.
We'll take the Lira if we must,
It's only Dollars we don't trust.
The Guilder is as good as gold,
But U.S. Dollars leave us cold.
With Rubles we are well impressed,
And even Pesos meet the test;
Of all world currency, alas,
It's only Bucks that do not Pass.
Because their value's hit the floor,
Please don't Hanoi us any more!"



ONE MORNING IN MARRAKESH



TWICE UPON A TIME DEPT.

For years, parents have been reading Fairy Tales to their kids. And for years, kids have been believing that the characters in these Fairy Tales always "lived happily ever after"! That's because nobody ever bothered to fill in the little tykes on just how "happy" the "ever after" actually was. And so, MAD performs a public service by dispelling some of these misconceptions of childhood with...

FAIRY TA Or "What Happened

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

When he reached bottom, Jack took an axe and chopped the beanstalk down. And the terrible Giant fell to his death.

Hooray! He's dead! And we've got the Hen that lays Golden Eggs!

...And now we'll have everything money can buy!



And Jack, his Mother and the Hen lived happily ever after!

Well... not quite! Because after a while, the dead Giant in the backyard took on—let's say—an air about him...

Hey, Jack! You gotta do something about that rotting Giant!

Yeah! He's stinking up the whole neighborhood!



CINDERELLA

As he was about to leave, the Prince noticed Cinderella. He smiled and asked her to try on the glass slipper, too.

It fits! You are the girl who ran from the Ball at the stroke of Midnight! Now, you shall be my Princess...



And so, the Prince escorted Cinderella back to the Palace. And they were soon married, and lived happily ever after.

For a few days, anyway! What the Prince hadn't counted on was that Cinderella had been a scullery maid all her life!

Cinderella! What are you doing down there?

I'm showing Gladys how to get the Ball Room floor sparkling clean! Would you believe it, she's never heard of ammonia?!



LES CONTINUED

After They Lived Happily Ever After"

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

So Jack called in the local Undertaker to bury the Giant.

A million dollars to bury a Giant?? That's really stiff!

So's the Giant! Look, kid, you got no choice! Pay my fee or get tossed into jail under the new anti-pollution law!



To pay a million dollars, Jack needed many golden eggs! So he began to force-feed the Hen with vitamin-enriched chicken feed, and also give her hormone shots. The Hen laid three golden eggs and dropped dead from exhaustion.

The three golden eggs got us just enough money to pay off the Undertaker!

Yeah...and now we're poor again! I told you, that beanstalk would be bad news!



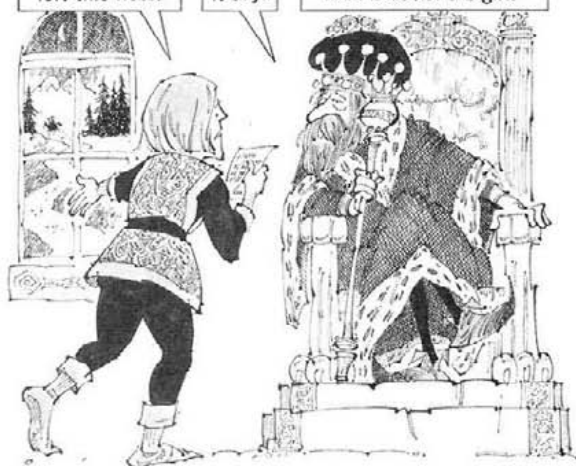
And poor Jack and his Mother lived miserably ever after!

One night, when the Prince came home, Cinderella was gone.

Cinderella has run off with the Stable Boy! She left this note!

What does it say?

It says, "You can take the girl out of the rabble... but you can't take the rabble out of the girl!"



The Prince tracked down Cinderella and the Stable Boy and had them hanged, along with her Fairy Godmother! Then he proposed to the ugliest of Cinderella's two ugly sisters.

But, why me, Prince? I'm an ugly, obnoxious, big-footed broad!!

True! But you're a WELL BRED ugly, obnoxious, big-footed broad!



And so they were married, and had seven ugly, obnoxious, big-footed children, and they lived happily ever after.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

And when he couldn't blow the house down, the Wolf came down the chimney to get the third Little Pig. But the Pig had placed a cauldron of boiling water in the fireplace.



And so, the third Little Pig ate the Big Bad Wolf for his supper, and lived happily ever after in his brick house.

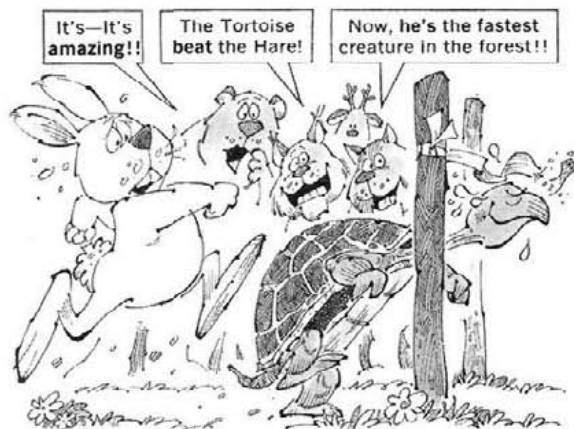
Well, not really! For Wolves, it seems, are an endangered species. And by killing and eating one, the third Little Pig had outraged all the local conservationists in town.

But y-you don't understand! It was in self-defense!!



THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

The Hare woke up, but it was too late to beat the Tortoise.



The Moral of the story is: "Slow and steady wins the race!"

Unfortunately, the Tortoise soon found that winning one race isn't everything, mainly because, among the forest creatures, he had become "the one to beat!"



THE FROG PRINCE

Suddenly, the Frog turned into a tall, handsome Prince.



And so, they Royal Princess and the Frog Prince fell in love and were married, and they lived happily ever after.

That is, they would have...if the Frog Prince had been able to forget his past life in the forest lily pool...



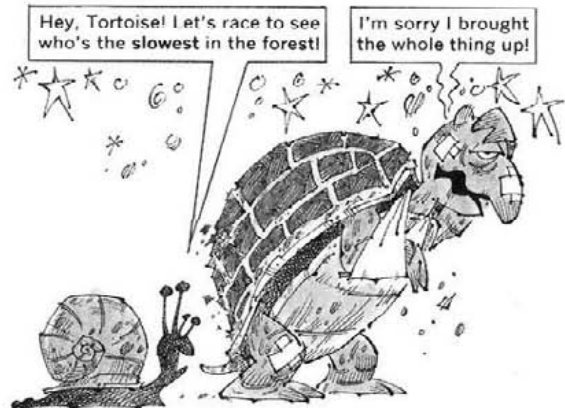
SLEEPING BEAUTY

Naturally, the third Little Pig became the most unpopular creature in the area. Even the other Pigs snubbed him...



And so, alone and friendless, the third Little Pig shut himself up inside his little brick house, and he became a recluse, and he lived miserably and unhappily ever after.

Naturally, the Tortoise was forced to take them all on. And naturally, he had the living hell beaten out of him.



And the real Moral of the story is: "Don't make waves!"

The Prince couldn't bear to be separated from his old and dear friends from the lily pool, even on his Wedding Night!



And so, the Prince . . . and Leon, and Harry, and Sam, and Charlie, and Gus and Croaker all lived happily ever after.

After sleeping 100 years, Sleeping Beauty was found by a handsome Prince who kissed her and awakened her.



And so, the handsome couple lived happily ever after.

That is...until Sleeping Beauty opened her mouth...



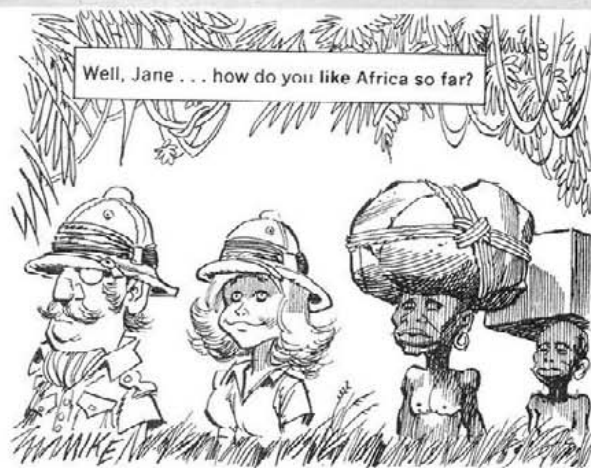
The Prince looked up the Old Fairy who had put the original curse on Sleeping Beauty and went to see her.



And so, in return for a large cash settlement, the Old Fairy put Sleeping Beauty to sleep for *another* hundred years! And the Prince became a swinging bachelor once again, and he lived really, really happily ever after!

A MAD Look

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



AT TARZAN

WRITER: DON EDWING







Are you enjoying yourself at this hotel?

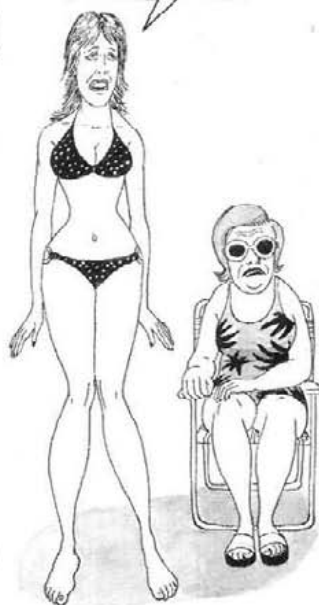
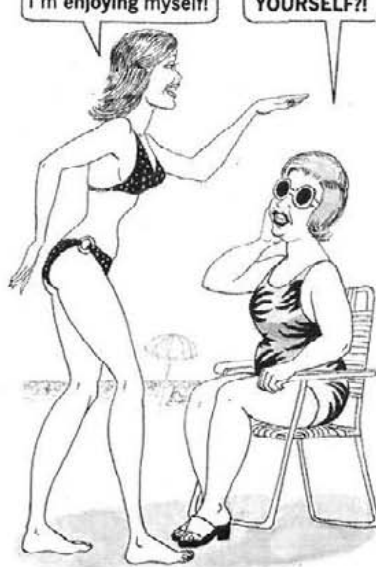
Am I ever!? I spent my first day at the pool and got a painful sunburn! But . . . I'm enjoying myself!

I went for a hike in the woods on my second day, and I came down with a case of Poison Ivy! But . . . I'm enjoying myself!

Yesterday, I went sailing, flipped over, and I had to swim back through polluted water! But, I'm enjoying myself!

My God! With all that, how can you say you're ENJOYING YOURSELF?

At \$85.00 a day, I'd BETTER be enjoying myself!!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

FUN

How about that!? I went prematurely bald, got self-conscious as hell, saved up a pile of bread and bought one of these special hair pieces!

Now, I can dive with it . . . swim with it . . . kids can pull on it . . . and it won't come off! And now, I can get all the chicks I want!

Nobody knows, and nobody's gonna find out that I'm wearing one!

Hello, handsome! What's new?

MY HAIR PIECE!!



Daddy, the Polar Bear comes from the Arctic! They live in below zero weather! So how come they can survive here in 90° temperatures??

Darned if I know!



Daddy, the Porpoise was once a land mammal! How come they reversed the Evolutionary Process and went back to the sea??

Darned if I know!



Gee, Daddy ... don't you know ANYTHING!

SURE I DO!! I know enough not to take you to the ZOO!!



Next time, I take you to the STOCK EXCHANGE!!

THAT ... I know about!!!



IN THE SUN

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

I'm leaving for my Hiking Club's annual Hundred Mile Hike tomorrow! We plan to walk 25 miles a day!

Wow! That's a lot of walking!

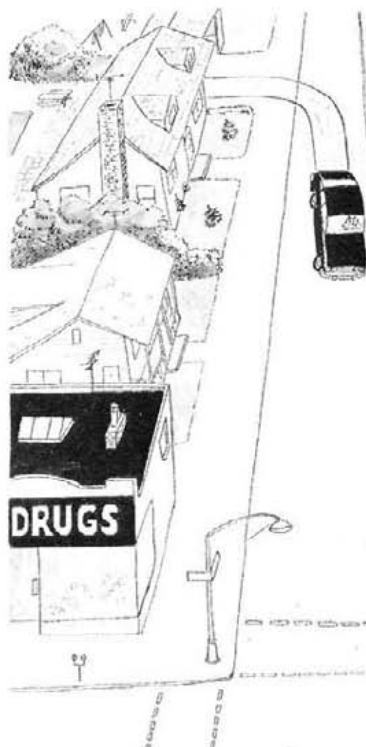


Oh, it's really nothing ... once you're used to it!

Now, let's see if I've got everything! Sleeping bag, knapsack, canteen, cooking utensils, first aid kit ...



Hey! I forgot Salt Tablets! I'd better go down to the corner drug store and get some!



Why do you wear that nose guard when you sunbathe?

If I don't my poor nose stands out like a sore thumb!

The burning rays from ol' Sol seem to ZERO IN on my shnozle! It always turns beet red, starts to peel, and looks absolutely awful!

Really? Take the nose guard off for a second ...

Okay! How does it look?

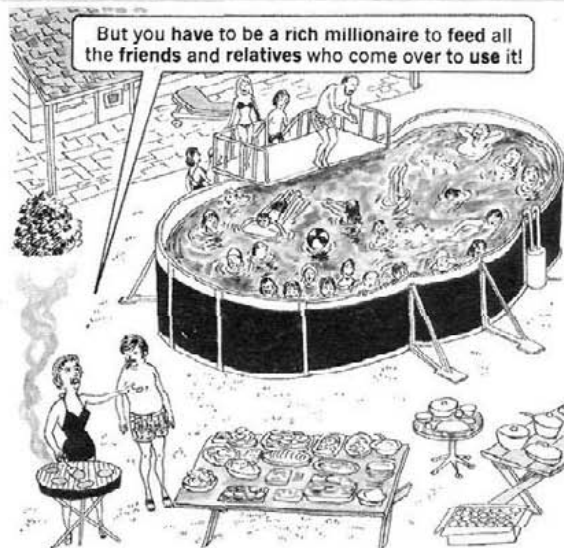
It stands out like a SORE THUMB!!



Today, you don't have to be a rich millionaire to own a Swimming Pool!

With these inexpensive, plastic, above-the-ground models, any poor middle-class shnook can own one!

But you have to be a rich millionaire to feed all the friends and relatives who come over to use it!



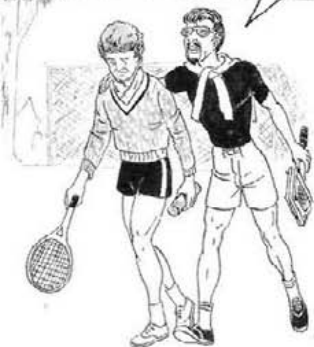
So you lost! Don't take it so hard! It's only a game! Besides, it's not whether you win or lose that counts! It's how you play the game! And you played it very well!

I don't look at Tennis as a point-scoring competition! To me, it's just a form of exercise! A mere work-out to keep me in shape! That's how you should look at it!

Yeah, I guess you're right!

Good! See you tomorrow!

YIPPIE! I WON!!



I bought this wild, sexy **Bikini!** It cost me a fortune . . . and if the guys ever saw me in it, their eyes would pop!

So why don't you wear it?

I AM!! It's under this shirt!

So take the shirt off!

Are you **NUTS?!**

I'd die of **EMBARRASSMENT!!**



I love these outdoor Art Exhibits! They bring culture to our drab streets! Just look at this still life! That's art!

That's not art! That's just a bunch of old fruit!

Look at this lovely seascape! That's art!

That's not art! That's just a lot of polluted water!

Look at this beautiful landscape! That's art!

That's not art! That's just a broken-down barn and some scrubby trees!

Look at THIS picture!

Now, THAT'S ART!!

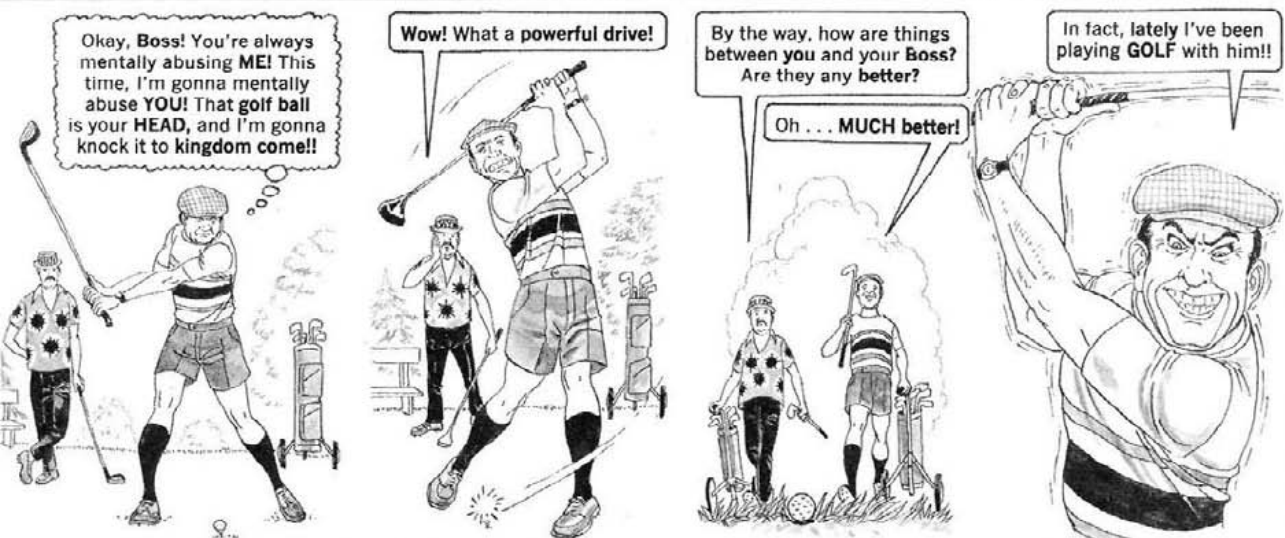


When I was a kid, we were **poor!** And the only way we could cool off on hot days was at an **open fire hydrant!** But, y'know something? That was a real **FUN THING!!**

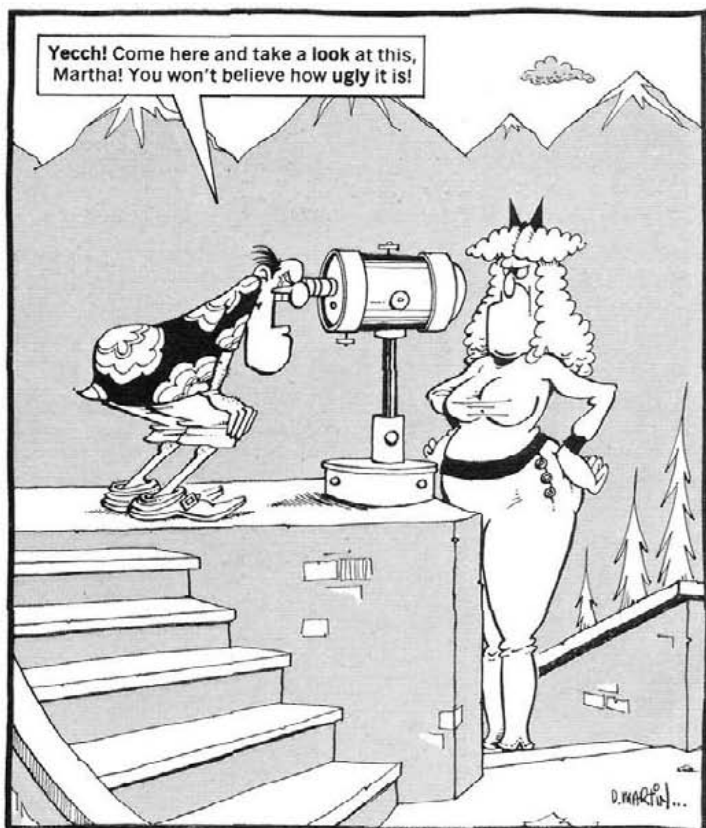
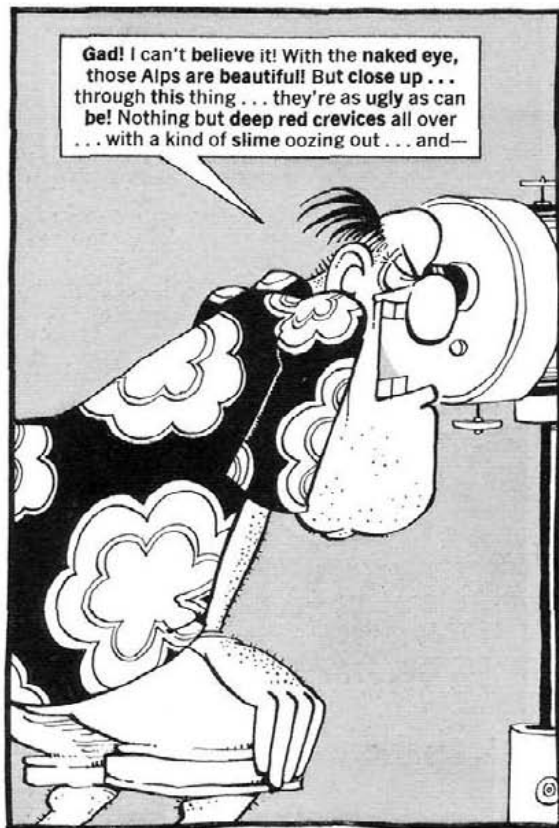
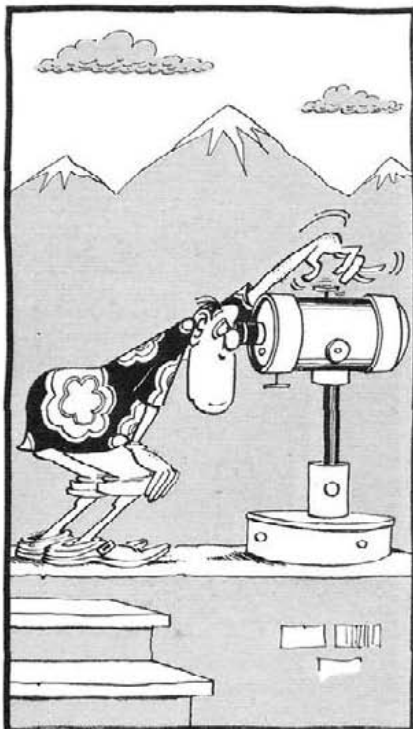
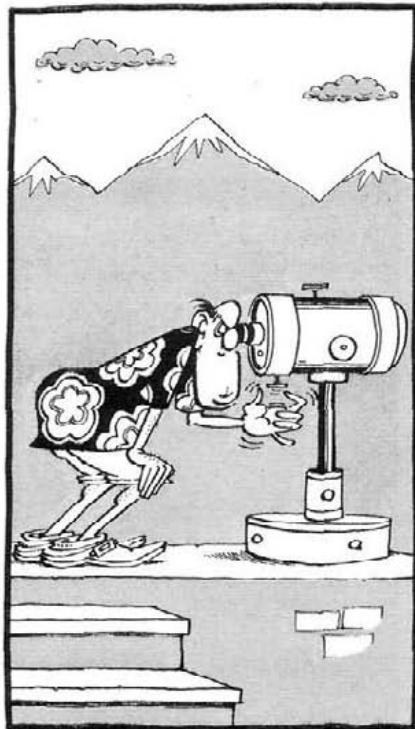
Yep! I've come a long way since then! Today, I belong to this fancy **Country Club!** And y'know something? With all it's big deal expensive facilities, it's not really such a **FUN THING!!**

I wonder if we could install an **OPEN FIRE HYDRANT** in this place?!





ONE AFTERNOON IN SWITZERLAND



REFRAIN IN THE NECK DEPT.

When it comes to the big problems in life—things like Vietnam and poverty and pollution—you can be

sure someone's written a protest song. But what about the little things, those minor annoyances that get

Protest Songs for Life'

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Where Have All The Light-Bulbs Gone?

(Sung to the tune of
"Where Have All The Flowers Gone?")



Where have all the light-bulbs gone?
Short time bur-ur-ning—
Where have all the light-bulbs gone?
I'm in the dark;
Where have all the light-bulbs gone?
I'll buy some more 'cause they have blown;
I'll drive over to the store;
I'll drive over to the store.



Where has the transmission gone
In my Malibu?
Where has the transmission gone?
My car won't move;
Where has the transmission gone?
I'll get the dealer on the phone;
I'll call him up from the house;
I'll call him up from the house.



Why is there no dial tone
When I'm dialing?
Why is there no dial tone?
My line is dead;
Why is there no dial tone?
I'll use the outdoor telephone;
It's only across the street;
It's only across the street.

Lament For The Average Man

(Sung to the tune of
"I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing")



I'd like to get a picture tube
When buying a TV,
Which doesn't blow two days beyond
It's one-year guarantee;
I'd like to catch a bus one day
Where I don't lose my mind,
To wait forever till it comes
With seven more behind.



I'd like a rear seat in a car
Built "for a family,"
With leg room that will fit a kid
Who's more than 4 foot 3;
But most of all I'd like a song
That doesn't have to be
A tune that's just a free plug for
Some soft-drink company.



That's the way it is—
In our world of today;
Yes, I'm sorry to say,
That's the way it is.

under our skin and bug us from day to day? Isn't it about time that someone came up with songs that pro-

test against them? You don't think so? That's too bad, because MAD is now offering this selection of

s Everyday Complaints

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Where has all my money gone
While I'm walking there?
Where has all my money gone?
I've just been mugged;
Where has all my money gone?
Gone with bulbs and car and phone;
Oh, when will I ever learn?
Oh, when will I ever learn?

There's No Service Like No Service

(Sung to the tune of
"There's No Business Like Show Business")



There's no service like no service like no service, we know;
If you want your waitress's attention,
When you're famished on a business trip,
She won't show the slightest comprehension,
Until you mention
How much you'll tip.

There's no people like sales people;
In stores . . . they all lay low—
When you shop today for almost any-thing,
You wait for hours like a ding-a-ling—
Then the store cop kicks you out for loi-ter-ing,
And so—
Homeward you go.

Hymn For A Hospital Patient

(Sung to the tune of
"They Call the Wind Maria")



The doctors say I'm well today
And yet I still perspire—
I tell the nurse
I'm feeling worse
'Cause the bills are getting higher;
They're higher!
They're higher!
The bills are so much higher!

They make it plain to live with pain
Is something to admire—
So I endure
My temperature
That the bills are making higher;
They're higher!
They're higher!
Each day the bills get higher!



The man next door is here no more;
He's with the angel choir;
He's gone bye bye
Up to the sky,
But his bills went up much higher;
Much higher!
Way higher!
His bills are much, much higher!

The Cobwebs In Your Mind

(Sung to the tune of
"Gentle On My Mind")

It's turnin' on your radio and hearin' songs like this one played all day,
With lyrics with no meaning that run on and on and on and on;
And it's wond'rin' why you sit there like a chloroformed opossum
Who is numb down from his head to his behind,
And you know you're goin' no-where 'cause you're in a stupor, dum-dum,
From those songs that put those cobwebs in your mind.



And it's turnin' on your TV set and lookin' at those talk shows every night
Hearin' Zsa Zsa tellin' Johnny what her sister said to Merv the week before;
And it's Cavett with a yoga who the night before met Susskind
And who Buckley thinks is radically inclined;
And you sprawl there on your sofa like a lump of old salami
From those shows that put those cobwebs in your mind.

And it's watchin' ninety football games a season, missin' not a single play,
Hearin' Gifford spout statistics 'bout some flanker who had acne at Tulane;
And it's lookin' for a third time at a replay of the coin toss
When the referee hits quarter he can't find;
And you plop there at your boob-tube like a half-cooked mashed potato
From those games that put those cobwebs in your mind.

Lost In A Giant Supermarket Blues

(Sung to the tune of
"By The Time I Get To Phoenix")



By the time I find the Kleenex I'll be eighty;
My long white beard will be hangin'... to the floor;
I've roamed up and down these aisles until I'm achin'—
Folks must think I've made my home here in the store.

By the time I find the Brillo I'll be ninety;
For Campbell's Mushroom Soup I've looked far and wide;
I'll stagger 'round the place... till I'm findin'
where they hide
The Tide.

By the time I find the All-Bran I won't need it;
In my wheel-chair... I'll search for Tetley Tea;
Till at least... all those clerks will come a-runnin'—
Oh, what a happy day that's gonna be—
They'll all notice me—
I'll have died, you see.

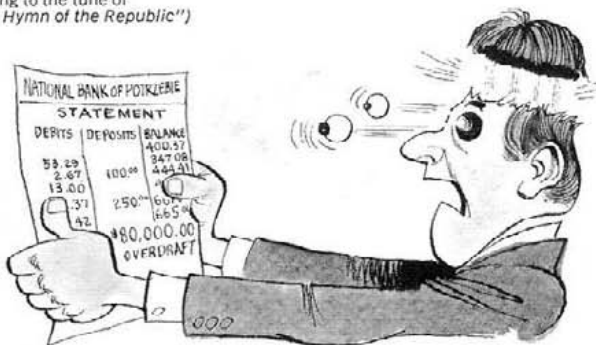
The Anti-Automation Anthem

(Sung to the tune of
"The Battle Hymn of the Republic")



Mine eyes have seen the folly of the automated age,
Where computers write the checks and put employers in a rage,
When they find that their employees have been paid a triple wage;
The bugs are still not gone!

Glory, glory, you can't trust 'em,
Though you fix 'em and adjust 'em—
Better take an axe and bust 'em;
The bugs are still not gone!



They do the work in banks that in the past was done by hand;
Each deposit and withdrawal they are geared to understand;
Then you get a note that says you're overdrawn by 80 grand;
The bugs are still not gone!

Glory, glory, you can't trust 'em,
Though you fix 'em and adjust 'em—
Better take an axe and bust 'em;
The bugs are still not gone!

Moan For A Movie-Goer

(Sung to the tune of
"Blowing In The Wind")



How many scenes must a man have to see
Where some creep goes berserk with a whip?
Yes, how many scenes must a man have to see
Where some guy runs around in a slip?
Yes, how many scenes must a man have to see
Where some goon makes his grandmother strip?
The "X" films, my friend, they bring the money in;
The "X" films, they bring the money in.

How many scenes must a man have to see
Full of symbols he can't comprehend?
Yes, how many scenes must we see of a fly
That crawls 'round from beginning to end?
Yes, how many films must we have to endure
While we live through this avant-garde trend?
The art films, my friend, the critics say are "in",
The art films, the critics say are "in."

How many films must the world have to see
That are filled with this mind-warping rot?
Yes, how many films must the world have to see
Till there's one with a point to the plot?
Yes, how many films must the world have to see
Till we're sick of the ones that we've got?
The struggle, my friend, is one we'll never win;
The struggle is one we'll never win.



They count your inventory in the business you maintain,
And they make up all your shipments, which may cause a sudden pain,
When they send 12 gross of girdles to a five-year-old in Maine;
The boo-boos still aren't gone!

Glory, glory, you can't trust 'em,
Though you fix 'em and adjust 'em—
Better take an axe and bust 'em;
The bugs are still not gone!

The MAD Reader's Dirge

(Sung to the tune of
"My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean")

The movie by Siegel is boring;
The piece by Tom Koch can't be read;
Those pages by Berg we're ignoring—
His "Lighter Side's" heavy as lead.

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

The cover by Mingo's no bonus;
The Silverstone piece is a sin;
We simply can't stand Aragonés;
And Jaffee should be folded in.

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

We're up to our necks with Jack Davis,
With Dick De Bartolo as well;
From Torres and Clarke someone save us;
And please don't bring up Max Brandel.

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

Don't plague us with Kogen and Coker;
Don't ruin our day with Stan Hart;
Don Martin's at best mediocre;
And Drucker needs courses in art.

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.

We hope from Rickard you will free us;
And Woodbridge makes everyone curse;
As sick as we are of Prohias,
These verses by Jacobs are worse.

Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors, agree, agree—
Yecch, Mad! Yecch, Mad!
That's when protestors agree.



WHAT'S IN



WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

VICE-PRESIDENT SPOTLIGHT AGNEW

THE GABOR SISTERS

LEONID BREZHNEV

MOSHE DAYAN

HUGH HEFNER

LINDSAY

CLAUDIA CARDINALE

URSULA ANDRESS

MARIA CALLAS

JOE NAMATH

JEAN PAUL GETTY

BILLY GRAHAM

A NAME?

**PART
ONE:
PEOPLE**

DI**C**K NIX**ON**

DESIGNED BY:
MAX BRANDEL

TOM**MY** s**MOTHER**s

B**EL**LA AB**ZUG**

H**OW**ARD co**SELL**

PETULA c**LARK**

MIC**K**EY SP**ILL**ANE

INDI**RA** G**AND**H**I**

COLO**MBO** & GAMB**INO**

HENRY **M. KISSING**ER

DE**A**N M**A**RTIN

SE**N**AT**OR** MC**GO**VERN

GEO**R**GE WALL**ACE**

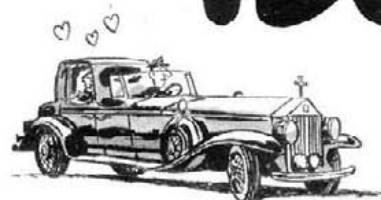
THE OLD BALL GAME

ARTIST & WRITER: ANTONIO PROHIAS



Back in the 20's, there was a Broadway show about a Jewish boy in love with a Catholic girl. The show was called "Abie's Irish Rose," and it was a tremendous long-run hit... although the Critics agreed that it wasn't very good. Today, we've got a new TV series about a Jewish boy in love with a Catholic girl that ALSO isn't very good... and yet it's scoring high in the Ratings. We don't know why. Maybe it's just a coincidence that "Abie's Irish Rose" and this show both had the same starting time: 8:30. Anyway, here's MAD's version of the TV show about Religion that we figure, in *another time*, wouldn't have a chance...

IDJIT LOVES ERNIE



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



Do you realize we're part of a trend in "now" and "relevant" TV Shows, Ernie? First came "All In The Family"—with bigoted but funny White Protestant parents! Then came "Sanford and Son"—with a bigoted but funny Black parent! And now comes US... with bigoted but funny Catholic and Jewish parents!

What ever happened to "then" and "irrelevant" **FATHER KNOWS BEST** loveable but serious type parents?!

Are you sorry you married out of your religion, Idjit?

Not at all! Jewish men make fantastic husbands! They're always **Doctors or Lawyers or Accountants!** By the way, Ernie, I never asked! What do you do for a living?

I drive a cab!
Er... Idjit??
Say something!!
HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY...?!



'Here you are, dear! Our first interfaith breakfast! Lox and hot cross buns!

Uh—thanks, Idjit! It's certainly one of the most "unbiased" meals I've ever seen!

I'm just trying my best to please you! In fact, I put on a new perfume for you today! Can you smell it?

Living above a **Delicatessen**, my sense of smell gets confused! It's (Sniff!) either Chanel No. 5, or Potato Knish No. 8!



Mom! Dad! This is Idjit, the girl I married!

We welcome with open arms the Jewish bride of our son!

But I'm **NOT** Jewish! I never converted!

So—come, Daughter! Let us kiss you with folded arms!



I'm very pleased to know you, Father Feinberg and Mother Feinberg!

What's with the "Father Feinberg" and "Mother Feinberg"?

Idjit went to a Catholic School! She's very formal and reserved!

Look, here we don't know from formal! Just relax and have something to eat...!

Yeah! Try a piece of Mr. Brisket—or a slice of Sir Whitefish!



Oh, this is **Uncle Shmoe!** He's sort of a 1970's version of Uncle David from the old "Molly Goldberg Show"!

Yeah! I'm the wise old Uncle with the sense of humor! I'm just what TV needs... a combination of Sholom Aleichem and Henny Youngman!

Listen, don't mind Manny and Sadiel They're bigoted, but they mean well!

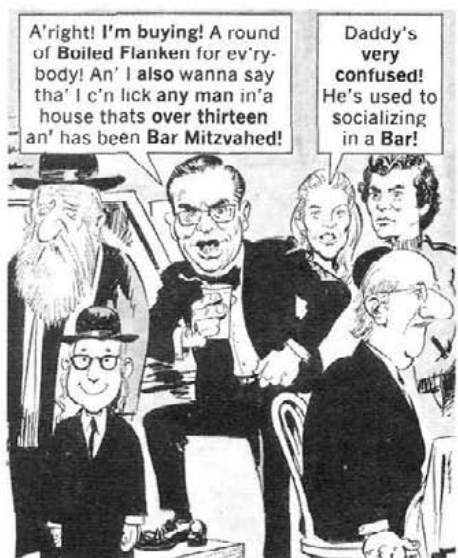
I guess that's just one of the crosses I will have to bear!

Suddenly I've lost my sense of humor!



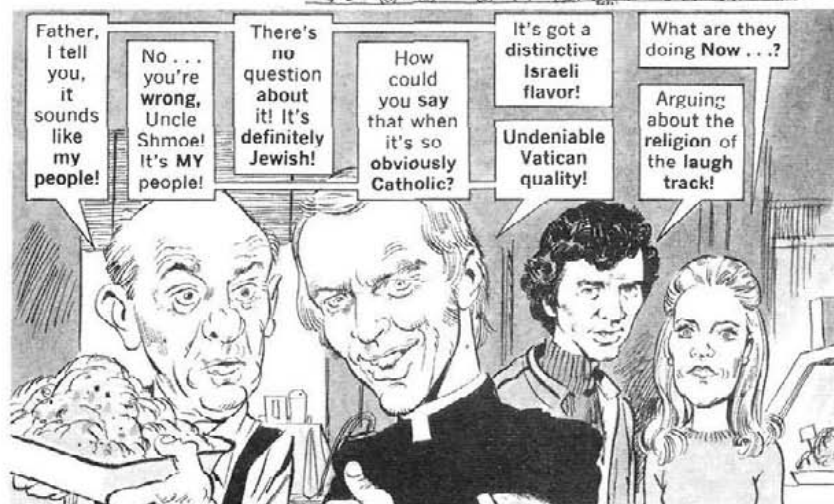






A'right! I'm buying! A round of Boiled Flanken for ev'rybody! An' I also wanna say tha' I c'n lick any man in a house thats over thirteen an' has been Bar Mitzvahed!

Daddy's very confused! He's used to socializing in a Bar!



Father, I tell you, it sounds like my people!

No... you're wrong, Uncle Shmoe! It's MY people!

There's no question about it! It's definitely Jewish!

How could you say that when it's so obviously Catholic?

It's got a distinctive Israeli flavor!

Undeniable Vatican quality!

What are they doing Now...?

Arguing about the religion of the laugh track!

A HA HA HO HO HEE HEE HA HO HO HA HA HE



Please! Enough fighting!

Uncle Shmoe is turning white from all these cultural clashes!

Not really, Manny! I got so bored by the dialogue, I fell asleep in the potato salad!



Anyway... I think the two families have a great deal to be thankful for!

You're right, Manny! We're mighty lucky to have what we have in these troubled times!

And to make this celebration official, I think we should get a Priest AND a Rabbi to give their blessings...



We are gathered today in the sight of CBS to bring together this Protestant actor playing a Jewish cabbie, and this Elizabeth Montgomery look-alike, and give thanks to HIM who makes it possible!

Though we are of different Faiths, we should kneel and pray to HIM... for without HIM, we are lost!

Yes, without HIM, we would founder in the depths of the Ratings, for surely the scripts are tedious and trite and filled with bland mediocrities!

So let us bless this "Time Slot" on Saturday nights, and give thanks unto HIM who we follow, and pray that we always will follow HIM... for HE precedes us at 8:00 P.M. and is responsible for our great success!

Here's TO you, Archie Bunker!

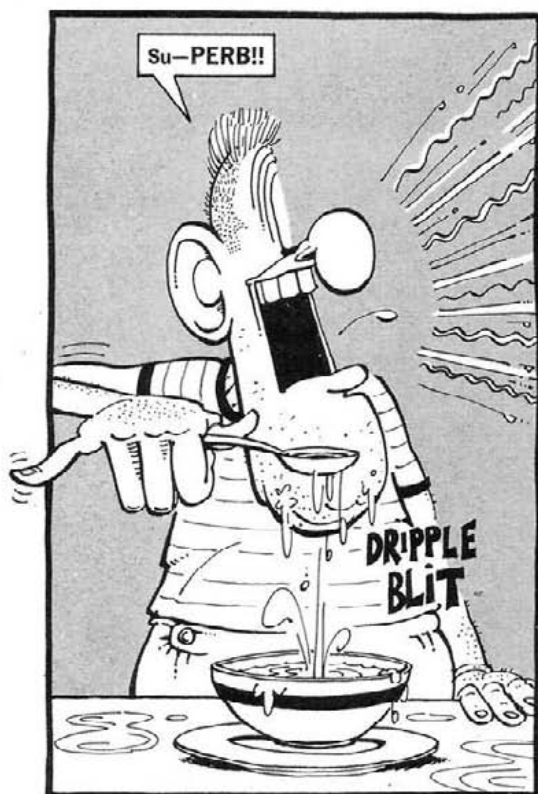
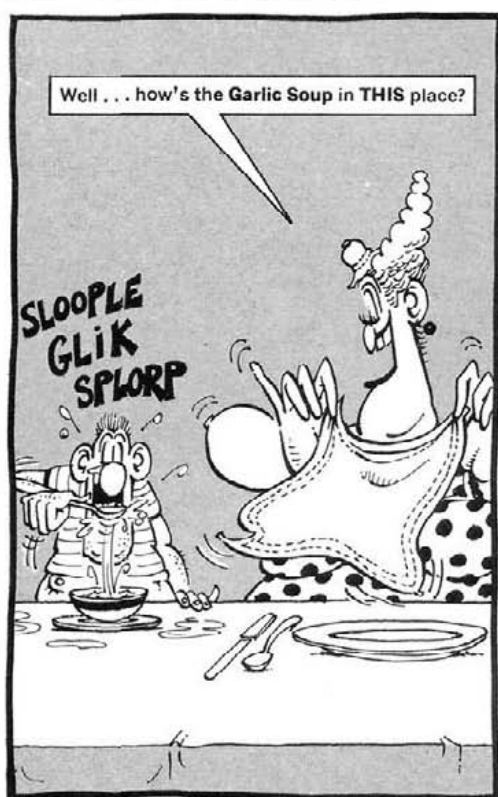
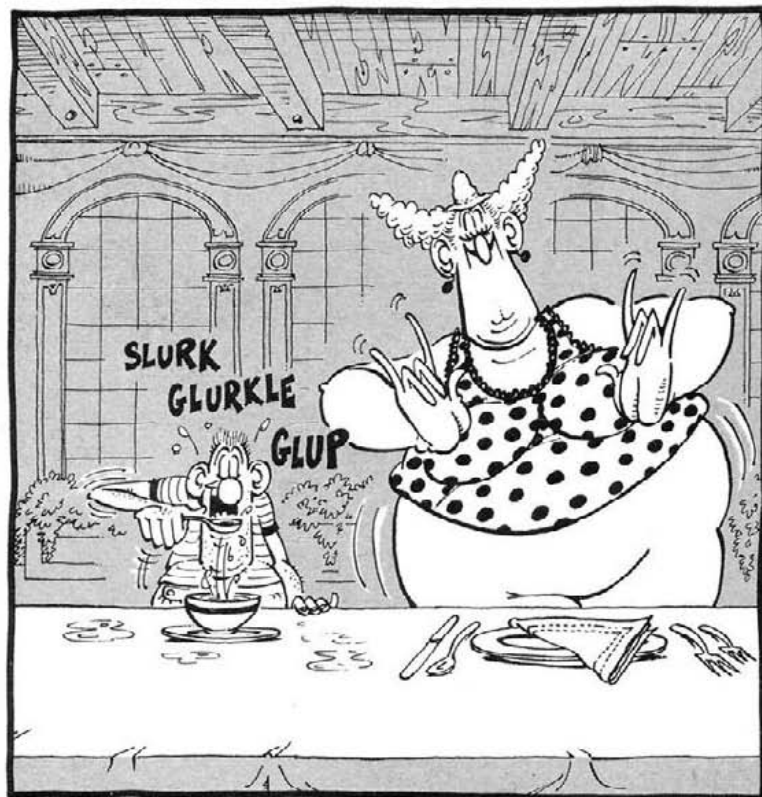
God Bless you, Archie Bunker!

Mazel tov, Archie Bunker!

L'chiam, Archie Bunker!

Cheers, Archie Bunker!

ONE EVENING IN SPAIN



**WHAT
IS THE
WORST
FORM OF
CAPITAL
PUNISHMENT?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, it seems, someone wants to bring back some horrible form of Capital Punishment! But there is one form of Capital Punishment which is more horrible than all the rest. And everyone... regardless of criminal status... must eventually suffer it. To find out what it is, fold page in.



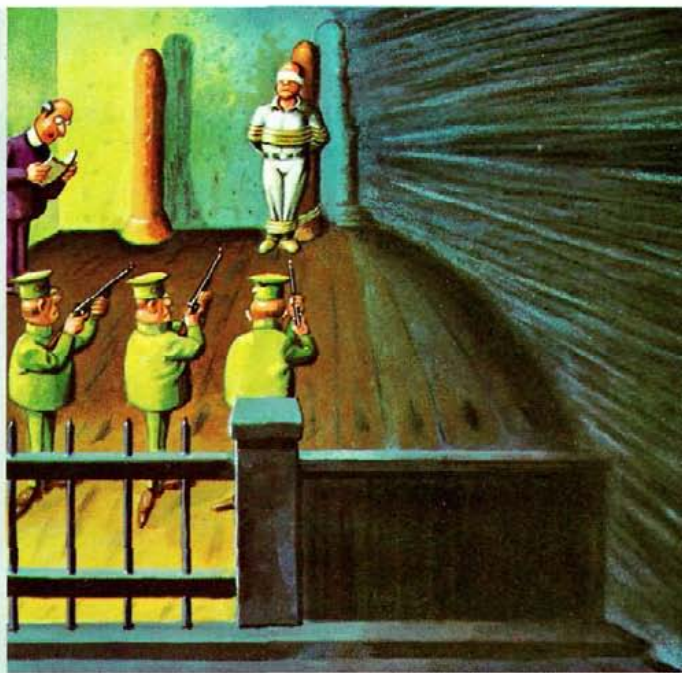
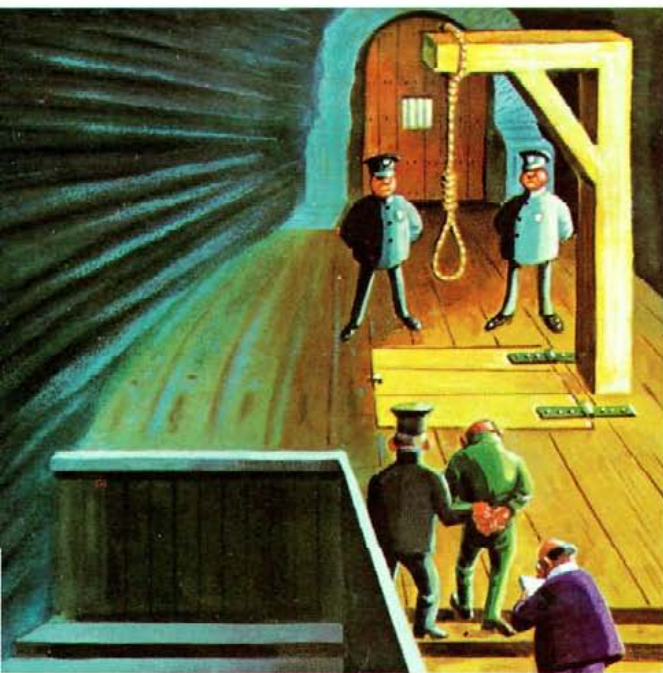
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

▶A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



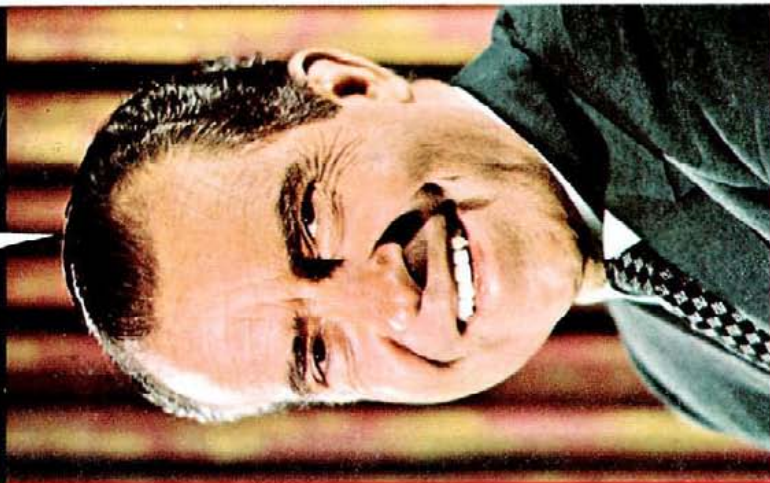
**NO ONE IN THE WORLD...REGARDLESS OF POLITICAL VIEWS
...CAN ESCAPE ONE FORM OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. FROM
WAY-OUT LEFTISTS, SCREAMING—TO REACTIONARIES, GUSHING—
TODAY, WE MUST ALL SUFFER THIS TERRIBLE MALEDICTION**

▶A

◀B

1968

You can fool SOME
of the people ALL
of the time...



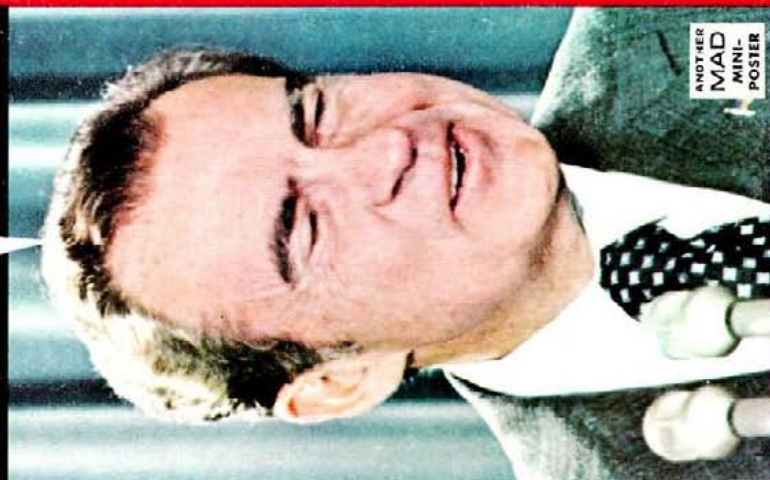
1972

...and ALL of
the people SOME
of the time...



TODAY

But now, here's where
I make a LIAR out of
LINCOLN!



ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER